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PARTED.

BY MARY SCHUYLER.

Lightly around me the moonbeams are falling,
But their soft radiance has no charms for me,
Though merrily glancing, coquetting and dancing,
Life has no beauty when I'm not with thee.

Come to me, darling, I'm lonely without thee,
Though music and gladness are filling the air,
Music and gladness are but moans of sadness
When thou art not near their sweetness to share.

Mine is a pure love, that knows no decaying—
Mine a true heart, dear, that no other can claim;
Time slowly fleeting brings me no fond greeting,
Though each passing breeze sings softly thy name.

Love, art thou listening? soon thou will answer,
Hearts that are loyal respond to love's call;
Oh, to behold thee! in my arms enfold thee,
For thou art my hope—my life and my all.

LOVE FOR A DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

IN A few days I was quite at home at Westwood and understood my duties. They were heavy. Fortunately for me, with my great love of early rising and fresh air, they did not commence until ten in the morning. Lady Yorke did not care to be disturbed before that hour. I do not think she had ever seen the sun rise or the dew lying like diamonds on the grass. So the fresh sweet morning hours were all my own. I rose almost with the sun, thinking often that if people knew how lovely the early morning was they would never waste much time in sleep, and went out into the park.

It seemed to me always that I spent those early morning hours with Mark; the only difference lay in this, that he was on one side of the blue sky and I on the other. And I was possessed with the idea that he could hear and see me. Ah, love, my love, how I loved you!

When I went back to the house after those hours of peace and rest, my mind was braced for the day. If I had not seen Mark, I had looked long and lovingly at the blue heaven where he was. I had not spoken to him; but the whisper of the wind, the ripple of the leaves, the song of the birds, all seemed so many messages from him. After ten o'clock I had never another moment to call my own. Then Lady Yorke was in her boudoir, and every morning she had a thousand new wants. It was a puzzle to me how she invented them. There were letters to answer, invitations to send out. She liked to hear me read. Every day brought its papers, periodicals, magazines, new novels, all of which must be read to her. Then we walked or drove. At luncheon Lord Yorke joined us; and then her ladyship rested. We had another drive in the afternoon, dinner at seven, and in the evening Lady Yorke requested me to sing. I liked that time best, for I sang every sweet love-song I knew, and I sang always to Mark. Oh, my love, how I loved you!

Lord Yorke was a kindly generous man, quite fifteen years older than his beautiful languid young wife. He worshipped her, and she in her helpless way was fond of him. They were very rich. They owned this fine estate at Westwood, and they had a magnificent house in London and a villa in Florence. That was Lady Yorke's whim.

When the winter was too cold and the spring too wet, she went to Mentone, where she could bask in the sunshine the whole day long. They had numerous visitors and friends. It was to fill the interval between the departure of one set of visitors and the coming of the next that I was wanted. Lady Yorke could not endure to be alone; she must be constantly amused. They had no children; and that was the one drawback. I liked Lord Yorke; he was always kind and courteous to me.

He was not much interested in politics; the care and well-being of his estate occupied his whole time. He would not have a land-agent or a steward; he did everything himself—kept his accounts, received his rents, saw his tenants, overlooked the home estate. Hardly a weed was pulled up without his orders. He was just as industrious as his wife was the reverse. We were always excellent friends. At times he asked me to help him, and his thanks always pleased me.

Poor Lady Yorke! Young, beautiful, wealthy, she was yet one of the most discontented and miserable of women. She had not a useful interest in the world. She had servants who waited upon her hand and foot; she had a husband who indulged her and granted every wish that she expressed; she was never called upon to make any exertion either of body or mind. She was never compelled to think; Lord Yorke and Mrs. Masham thought for her. If twenty visitors were coming, it made no difference to her. Before I had been many days there, I had read her character accurately. She was ill from indolence.

Watching her for a whole day, seeing her study nothing but herself, her wants, her wishes, her whims and caprices, ordering things because she fancied and not because she wanted them, spending money profusely without even looking at what was purchased—seeing her send away the most delicate of fruits, the most recherche of dishes, the most costly of wines, under some pretext or other too absurd to mention—I thought of the many poor women dying from want of food, of the many children perishing from hunger, and have wondered. She did not seem to know anything of the hard side of life.

She ate from silver plate; she drank from the rarest of Bohemian glass; tea was served to her in the finest of Dresden china. She wore the finest of linen, of lace, silk, velvet, and satin; she had jewels of priceless value; in all her life she had never wished for one thing that had not been granted to her. She perhaps had read the words "hunger," "cold," "privation," "starvation," but she did not understand their meaning. How could she when she had never felt either cold or hunger in her life? Her life had been a Sybarite's life of pleasure, and the result was that beyond herself she had not a care or thought in the world. It seemed to me that if I could awaken this sleeping soul, I should not have lived in vain.

I remember the first time that she seemed to wake to a consciousness of suffering. She had never been ill herself, and she had never seen any one in pain.

We were crossing the park, when suddenly above our heads we heard a discordant cry of birds. Suddenly a little bird fell fluttering and dying at our feet. It had been attacked and wounded by some bird larger than itself. I shall never forget the look in the dark eyes, the faint fluttering of the little wings ere it died. I had raised it in my hand, and it died there.

"Poor little thing!" I said. "It has had a short life but a merry one, I hope, in those great green boughs."

"Is it really dead," Lady Yorke asked, drawing near with a pale face. I do not think I have ever seen anything dead."

"Is that true, Lady Yorke?" I asked, looking at her in wonder.

"Yes, quite true."

"Have you ever wondered what death is like?" I inquired.

"I do not think so. I have never thought of death at all."

"Have you ever lost any friends?" I asked again. "Has no one whom you loved died?"

"No—no one whom I loved. People I have known have died; but then they always seemed to me quite apart from the rest of us.

I looked in wonder at the beautiful face.

"Have you ever thought that you yourself must die?"

"I suppose I shall die sometime," she replied; "but I am young now—I need not begin to think about it yet."

"Have you ever heard of young people dying, Lady Yorke?" I asked.

"Yes; but that does not often happen, I should think. Age and death naturally go together."

"My Mark was young," I said, "and strong, he never had a day's illness, and he died."

"Where did he die?" asked her ladyship; and suddenly I remembered that I did not know. That which seemed so certain to me might be very uncertain to others. "I try never to think of such disagreeable things," continued Lady Yorke. "It does no good, and makes one's life miserable."

"No life can be really happy that is not ruled by such thoughts," I replied. "We ought to live for the next world, and not for this."

"Madame de Deffand said you were very serious. For my part I could not give my mind to such ideas. The very sight of that dead bird has made me feel ill and miserable."

"Yet everything living in this world has to die sooner or later," I said.

She made no remark, but I saw that the indolent, selfish soul was roused from its long sleep. The first thought of death and pain had come to her, never to be forgotten.

CHAPTER VI.

One morning, when several visitors were at Westwood, the conversation turned upon the Indian famine. We were all seated at luncheon. Some of the gentlemen remarked what a charitable country ours was—what large sums of money were forthcoming when any great disaster occurred.

Lord Yorke agreed.

"But," he said, "I do not think we realize what the word 'famine' means. In our happy land we have not seen women and children dying by the roadside, plucking the dry roots and the grass in the pangs of hunger."

"I have seen something like it," said Mr. Devine. "I was in Ireland during the 'potato famine,' and I saw scenes that will haunt me to my dying day—gaunt hungry men in whose eyes was a wolfish gleam, pale patient women dying without complaint, children like spectres, with famine written in their faces. I have seen mother and children lying dead together—and it takes a long time for hunger to kill."

"Did you really witness all this?" asked Lady Yorke.

"I did indeed," replied Mr. Devine.

"I did not know," said Lady Yorke, with a slight shudder, "that people ever died of hunger. I do not suppose that I quite understood the meaning of the word 'famine.'"

"Your life has been a happy one, Louise," said Lord Yorke. "You have seen only the rose-colored side of existence."

"That must be true," she allowed more gravely than I had expected.

The next morning I had to drive with Lady Yorke to Woodheaton; she wanted to make some purchases. The morning was lovely, but her mind was evidently still disturbed by the conversation of the previous day.

"Miss Chester," she said suddenly, "have you ever seen people who were really ill from want of food?"

"Yes, very often, when I was at home with my mother. She, out of her limited means, made a point of relieving some poor person or other every day."

"And I," said Lady Yorke, "have never, so far as I remember, relieved a poor person in my life. We send money to various charities; but I have never personally given any away. I have seen so few poor people."

I saw that her mind was awakened. We talked on the same subject during the whole of our drive. I told her what I had seen amongst the poor at Graceden—their patience, their industry, the pathos and beauty of their lives.

"The true heroes and heroines of this world," I said, "are the uncomplaining poor."

"Heroes and heroines!" she repeated. "Why, Miss Chester, what can there be heroic in poverty?"

"Poverty bravely borne is true heroism," I said. "It is easy to be happy and contented when everything goes well, when one has plenty of money, plenty of food, and everything one can desire. What can be more heroic than the endurance of hunger and cold without complaint? I have read what the world calls heroines—Joan of Arc, who won a throne for her king, Charlotte Corday, who slew the enemy of France; but, to my way of thinking, the real heroine is the wife and mother whose life is one continual struggle, who denies herself that her husband and children may have enough, who works without ceasing, never complains, comforts her husband, brings up her children well, and practises heroic virtues unseen by any one, unknown even to herself. That woman is one of Heaven's own heroines."

Lady Yorke was silent and thoughtful during the rest of the day, but in the evening she relapsed into the old lackadaisical mood.

A few days afterwards I asked her if she would go to Woodheaton again, and, having no other engagement, she consented. Just what I longed for happened. When we reached the shop of the principal stationer, the wife of the Rector was there. She knew Lady Yorke in a distant fashion.

Mrs. Durrant was an active energetic woman whose life was filled with good deeds, the very reverse of beautiful, luxury-loving Lady Yorke. To my great delight, she began to talk to Lady Yorke about the badness of the times, the want of work, the poverty of the people. I shall never forget Mrs. Durrant's face when Lady Yorke languidly took out her well-filled purse.

"Would money be of any use?" she said.

"Heaven bless me!" cried the Rector's wife, startled out of all propriety. "Why, Lady Yorke, it is only money they want! Money will purchase food, coal, clothes, shoes and everything else."

I heard the rustle of bank-notes, and Lady Yorke said gently—

"Will you distribute this amongst your poor?"

The eyes of the Rector's wife filled with tears. She saw in the gift relief for many from utter misery.

"If you would see poverty in all its desolation, Lady Yorke," she said earnestly, "you should go to a place that is called Sandy Fields."

After the Rector's wife had departed, I turned to Lady Yorke.

"Will you go?" I asked her.

"I do not know, Miss Chester," she said, drawing her rich silks and laces tightly around her. "I have never seen anything of the kind."

"When you die," I remarked, "you will like to have some good deed to remember. You will like to think then that you have lessened the burden of one human heart."

"You frighten me," she said. "Yes, I will go."

Half an hour afterwards fashionable, self-indulgent Lady Yorke stood in the poorest cottage in Sandy Fields, looking round her in horror and dismay. Only a starving woman and child were there; there was no fire, no food, no table, no chair, no bed. It was a most hopeless, helpless case.

"A contrast to Westwood," I whispered to her.

At first the woman was sullen and would not speak—her misery was too great. Then she cried out—

"No, you can do nothing for me. My husband died six weeks ago; and this is all I have in the world. Now she is dying. Heaven itself cannot help me." She looked at Lady Yorke. "You mean well," she said, "but the money that brought that silk gown would have kept my husband alive. He died hungry. Do you think I shall ever forget that? He moaned all night before he died from hunger—not pain, but hunger. I loved him with all my heart, and I had to sit and listen until I could have rushed out of the house to slay and rob the first person I met. He died hungry, while in your house good food is wasted. Ah, my lady, your dogs and horses are better off than we are!"

I saw Lady Yorke's face grow very pale, and her eyes sought mine with a frightened look.

"He moaned all night," continued the woman, "and I had nothing to give him but water. He was not one to complain, but, when death came on him in the morning, he said to me, 'Ah, lassie, the rich have it in this world; we shall have it in the next!' I went out and sold the last thing that belonged to me—my wedding-ring—that morning, and I bought tea and bread. 'I have gone past it,' he said. 'It is all over, lassie. It has come too late.' Seven years ago, when we were married, he was tall and straight and handsome. He took me to a pretty home, and he worked hard for me; but trouble came, and he died hungry. My poor lad! My poor, poor lad!"

I knew that in her heart Lady Yorke was thinking of the dainties that, sent away in capricious discontent, would have saved this poor man's life.

"Annie is dying," the woman went on, in the helpless, helpless voice, with a wild gleam in her eyes. "A few weeks ago good food might have saved her; now it is too late. Last night I went everywhere to get one penny to buy her an orange with. She had been craving all day for an orange, and every time she fell asleep she dreamt that she held the orange in her hands, and that it fell to the ground. I would have done anything for one penny, but I could not get it."

"I am very sorry," said Lord York. "If I had known——"

"No one knows!" cried the poor woman. "We work and toil, we suffer and die, and no one knows—only Heaven. Heaven counts our miseries and pains, and will change them into blessings. Annie will be in heaven soon, and there will be no more hunger or cold for her."

For the first time I saw tears in Lord Yorke's eyes.

"Would you like very much to keep Annie with you?" she asked; and I hardly knew her voice. It had lost its languor, and was clear and sweet.

"Would I? Ah, my lady, Annie is the very heart that beats in my breast!" she cried. "When she is gone, all is gone. I shall not try to live; I shall lie down and die by her side."

"How long is it since you tasted food?" I asked her.

"Two whole days," she replied.

Her white quivering face and trembling hands bore testimony to the truth to her word. Lady Yorke looked at me.

"We must help them," she said; and, as she uttered the words, it seemed to me that a new soul shone in her eyes.

We left the house and went to the nearest shops.

"Tell me what to buy, Miss Chester," she said; and a basket of food, including some fine ripe oranges, was ordered to be taken to the woman's house.

The poor creature never thought of herself. I shall never forget the cry with which she seized an orange and gave it to the child; it was one of delirious delight.

"I shall do all I can for you," said Lady Yorke, as she came away. "If we can save little Annie, she shall be saved."

And again I saw tears in the blue eyes which until now had never looked out on others' woes.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEXT morning Lady Yorke was down-stairs, alert and energetic, before mine. Her husband looked up in surprise as he entered the breakfast-room. This happened to be one of the rare days when we were alone.

"A revolution!" he cried. "The most luxurious woman in England down at the early hour of nine! I cannot understand it."

"Do not laugh at me, Stanley," she said. "I am very much in earnest this morning. I want to talk to you."

When she had sought him before, it had generally been to ask either for new jewels, or a cheque for some heavy bill—always something for herself, never anything for any one else; and I am sure that he expected the same thing now.

"I want to talk to you, Stanley," she continued. "Do you know what the world is like outside our park gates? Here we have safety and shelter, warmth and luxury—the roses of life without the thorns. Do you know what it is outside?"

"I know something of it," he replied half sadly.

"Ah, such a world, Stanley!" she said. "There is sickness, sorrow, poverty, hunger. Hunger seems the hardest to bear," she continued, thinking no doubt of those tragical words, 'He died hungry'; "and I have heard such words, but I never knew what they meant. I knew only the sound, not the sense, until yesterday." Here she paused.

"And then?" said Lord Yorke. "What happened then?"

She told him all that had occurred. Just for one half moment I was uncertain whether he would be quite pleased or not. Had I been mistaken in thinking that he was sometimes distressed at her supreme indifference to all things except herself? My doubts were soon cleared. He looked at her with the most loving smile I had ever seen on his face.

"I am glad, Louise," he said. "I have always thought that, if you understand more of what was going on in the world around you, you would try to help others. And now about this poor woman—Mrs. Clinton, did you say? What do you want to do for her?"

"Everything," was the comprehensive reply. "She must have a nice clean cottage in the fresh air, plenty of food and clothes—all that is wanted to make her daughter well."

"She shall have it," Lord Yorke said, smiling. "You could not employ your time or your money better than in relieving the poor. But all charity must be governed by discretion. While the woman and child are ill, keep them; but afterwards, although you can go on helping her, let her work for herself. It will be greater charity to place the means of gaining her livelihood in her hands than to give her money enough to live upon."

"I see that," she replied gravely. "Oh, Stanley, if I had only thought before now, how many people I might have saved! It must be a terrible thing to die of hunger!"

He laid his hand lightly on her beautiful head.

"It is never too late to mend," he said. "I have often wished that you could give a little of your time and attention to charity."

"Why did you not tell me so?" she asked eagerly.

"My dear Louise, there comes a time when every one wakes to the realities of life. Your time had not come."

"I shall never be so careless again. I feel as though through all these years I had truly been asleep," said Lady Yorke.

Then they discussed what was best to be done. Lord Yorke suggested that one of the pretty cottages built on modern principles which stood just outside Woodheaton should be given to the poor woman rent-free until she was better. Lady Yorke was to allow her so much each week until she could earn money herself.

"You must remember one thing, Louise," said his lordship, "that you will meet with many cases quite as pitiful as this, and that it will not do to give all to one."

The next time he met me he took my hand and held it for a moment in his. He looked at my black dress.

"From your own sorrows," he said, "you have learned to feel for others. Heaven bless you!"

Then I knew that he was well pleased I had tried to draw his beautiful young wife from her self-worship and interest her in others.

The next evening, at dessert, she looked critically at some fine grapes that were on her plate. Two days earlier she would have sent them away; now her eyes sought mine, and I knew she was thinking, "What would little sick Annie give for them?"

It was a small beginning, but it led to greater things. Gradually Lady Yorke awoke from her lethargy. She began to interest herself in her own servants, to understand that they had pleasures and sorrows. She lost much of her indolence. She was no longer content to spend the greater part of the day on a couch. She thought more of the widow and orphan in their desolation, of the sick and ailing who wanted help, of the hungry who wanted food.

So life passed on at Westwood, and no great change came until the spring. To me every birthday, every Christmas Day, were as milestones on the way to heaven. As I passed each, I was nearer to Mark.

Again the lilacs were in bloom. They were not so plentiful or so beautiful at Westwood as at Graecdieu, but the sight and the fragrance of them brought back forcibly the remembrance of my lover to me. No words can tell the sharp pain that pierced my heart when I saw the nodding plumes. Lady Yorke was fond of lilacs. While they lasted she would have them in the rooms. I never told her what the sight of them cost me.

The keeper of the west lodge having found a better situation, Mrs. Clinton, with her little daughter, through Lord Yorke's kindness, went to live there. By Lady Yorke's wish I visited them almost every day. The lilacs grew all round the west lodge—tall fine trees, with a wealth of fragrant blossom. Mrs. Clinton, who could never do enough for me, had gathered some of the finest sprays; and one morning, when I went to see her, she held the bunches of lilac-bloom close to my face.

"See, miss," she said, "how fresh they are!"

If I had seen one risen from the dead, I could not have grown more sick at heart. I went home sad and weary. Here was the world waking up again to the beauty and glory of spring, and my heart was sinking, my hope was death. My lover, to whom my love, my troth, my faith was plighted, was dead. What could spring, sunshine, or bloom of flowers say to me? As I walked home and saw the yellow primroses shining like stars in the grass, and the buds bursting into leaf, I sobbed aloud. I felt so tired of waiting. If some angel-hand would draw me up to heaven and place me by Mark's side. Oh, my love, how I loved you! All the beauty of earth, the fairness of spring, the brightness of life, were as naught to me, because you were no longer with me!

There were times like these when my courage failed me, when my heart ached, and I could only weep and call on one who would hear me never more. It was the sweet odor of the fresh lilacs that had brought Mark so vividly back to me. I could see his face, I could hear his voice, his warm strong hand seemed to clasp mine—and he was dead!

As I entered the house I met Lady Yorke in the hall.

"Will you come to the library, Miss Chester?" she said. "I have some letters I must answer, and some for you to write."

When we were seated there, and she had made those inquiries about the sick child which she never omitted, she showed me a bundle of letters.

"We shall have a large party soon," she said. "This morning I had a letter from Lord Severne. We met him and his wife last year in Italy, and I made him promise that ours should be the first house in England that they would visit. Lord Severne is a great favorite of mine. You have heard of the Severnes of Mount Severne?"

"No," I replied. The name was quite strange to me.

It was a very old title, Lady Yorke told me, but the present possessor had come quite unexpectedly into it.

"I must say," continued her ladyship, "that I have been a most indifferent member of society. No one has ever seemed to interest me; but I certainly did like Lord Severne. He is very handsome, but terribly melancholy. He never smiles like any one else."

Finding that it pleased Lady Yorke to speak of her friends, I listened with interest. I banished the lilacs and Mark from my mind; they were of time past.

"We met the Severnes in Florence," Lady Yorke went on, "and both my husband and myself liked Lord Severne very much; but we were not so agreeably impressed by his wife. We were very intimate with them, and went out with them almost every day. Lady Severne is quite unlike her husband. He is earnest, grave, with a strange veil of melancholy always over him; she is the most animated, the gayest and most brilliant woman I have ever met. She tired me in an hour, and I am sure she tired her husband too. He liked to talk quietly with me. He is the only man," she continued, "who has ever really roused my curiosity."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because he appears too good a man to have done any great wrong, and yet he looks like a man with some heavy trouble on his mind. I am sure you will like him, Miss Chester, but I am not sure whether you will like his wife. She has such a strange name too."

"What is it?" I asked. I had never heard Lady Yorke say so much about any living creature.

"Lurline," she replied. "Now can you fancy any sensible woman with a name like that?"

"Her name is her misfortune, not her fault," I said. "I like it, Lady Yorke. It is fanciful and uncommon."

"It is like herself," declared her ladyship. "Well, Miss Chester, we must have a party to meet them. Lord Severne himself does not care about society, but Lady Severne lives for it only. We must have plenty of visitors, and plenty of gaiety to amuse her."

"She is a troublesome visitor," I said, with a laugh.

"Yes; but she is a power in herself. She is one of those women who sweep all before them. Lord Yorke could only compare her to a whirlwind. Yet I cannot imagine how she has persuaded her husband to return to England. When we were in Florence, she said nothing would induce her to live in this climate. We will ask Lady Mary Avon and her brother Sir Charles to meet them. Lady Severne is more than a match in conversation for any six gentlemen at once."

"Is she a flirt?" I asked.

"To tell you the truth, Miss Chester, I could never make out exactly what she was. I only know that we liked her husband, and for his sake we endured her, as we shall endure her again. They will be here next Tuesday, so we must hasten to send out the invitations."

And as I wrote them I wondered much what Lady Severne could be like.

CHAPTER VIII.

I HAD found so little to interest me in the generality of guests at Westwood, that I thought very little of the coming visitors. It was evident that Lady Yorke was deeply interested in them, but then she had said candidly that it was Lord Severne rather than his wife who had pleased her.

We had many discussions about them, and it seemed to me that Lady Severne did not stand very high in the estimation either of husband or wife. Lord Yorke, who was kindness and charity itself, mentioned her always in a tone of toleration, yet at the same time leaving an expression that she was what Lady Yorke called a "power."

"Is Lady Severne very beautiful?" I asked Lady Yorke on the morning when her guests were expected to arrive.

"Yes; she has one of those faces with a roseate bloom, and her complexion is simply incomparable. But, beautiful as she is, I do not like her. You are a good judge of character; you will be able to judge for yourself when they come."

Lord and Lady Severne were to reach Westwood on Tuesday, the twentieth of May. Lady Yorke had ordered a lavish supply of magnificent flowers to be placed in Lady Severne's room.

"That is one point in her character which I like," said Lady Yorke; "she is very fond of flowers. It pleases me always to see a woman fond of flowers." Then she continued, with something of a

conscious blush on her face, "Miss Chester, I know I shall be very much engaged while the Severnes are here, but I must not neglect my poor. I hope I shall never fall again into that terrible, apathetic way of thinking of no one but myself. If it be really impossible for me to leave home, you will undertake any little commission for me, will you not?"

I would have gone anywhere for her; I was so rejoiced to see the earnest, kindly expression on the face that had once revealed nothing but self-love and discontent.

Every preparation had been made for our visitors. Lady Mary Avon and her brother Sir Charles were two handsome, fashionable persons, rich and popular. Lady Mary had many admirers, but could not tolerate the word "marriage;" Sir Charles was looking out for a wife. Captain Forrester was heir-presumptive to an earldom, and was consequently much sought after. Sir Harry de Burgh was a young Irish Baronet, one of the most popular men in England, and Lady Grey was a young widow with a large fortune.

"A well-assorted party of guests," said Lady Yorke complacently; "and the great beauty of the arrangement is that they will amuse each other. Lord Severne will generally fall to my lot, if the same thing happen here that took place invariably in Italy. He liked to saunter by my side in his grave melancholy fashion, while Lady Severne generally attracted all the men to herself. She will do the same here. I am so glad," continued Lady Yorke, "that you sing so beautifully, Miss Chester. Lord Severne likes music. His wife sings, but he does not care for her style, and always discourages her."

Tuesday came, a bright morning, but with the warning of a coming rainstorm on its face. There was a low wail in the wind, a darkening at times of the sky, a strange stillness in the air such as always precedes a storm.

It was mid-day when a message came from Woodheaton, asking help for a poor family, one of whom—the father—was dangerously ill, the wife had met with a severe accident, and the children were destitute. The poor were beginning to know to whom they should send; they were beginning to love Lady Yorke, for they knew that no one ever asked her help in vain. She came to me and asked me to act for her.

"I must be here to receive our visitors," she said. "I give you carte blanche, Miss Chester."

So it was as Lady Yorke's almoner that I went out on that day. Lord Yorke bade me beware of the threatening storm, but I told him I did not think it would break until the morrow. But, when I was on the point of returning from Woodheaton, the rain descended in torrents. For an ordinary shower I should not have cared in the least, but this storm was terrible. It seemed as though the heavens were opened, such a tempest raged on that fair, tranquil country-side. The sky was like lead, the wind blew fiercely; and then lightning flashed and thunder came. The storm lasted some hours; and when the sky cleared and the rain ceased it was night. Lady Yorke, who was always kind and thoughtful, sent a closed carriage after me.

As we drove up the avenue, the carriage stopped suddenly, and the coachman sprang down from the box and came to me.

"Do you see what has happened, Miss Chester?" he asked.

Looking out, I saw by the pale watery gleam of the moon that a great beech-tree, said to be the largest and finest of its kind in England, and called "The Pride of Westwood" had been blown down.

"Why, his lordship will be more grieved over this tree than if half the house had been blown down!" said the coachman, in a grave voice. "I am very sorry, miss, but, you see, the branches reach all across the drive. I cannot take the carriage any farther; I must go back to the court-yard."

I saw that the honest simple man, a faithful retainer of the House of Yorke, was deeply distressed. He shook his head as he led the frightened horse away.

"I never like such great trees to fall, Miss Chester," he said. "They are the glory of a house. I always think bad luck follows."

I cannot tell why, but, as I went to my room, a sense of oppression and coming sorrow seized me. I could not believe in the superstition that the falling of a great tree must mean evil. That was nonsense. But my heart was heavy, my brain oppressed.

Fortunately for me, I was a great favorite with Mrs. Masham, the housekeeper, and, when she heard that I had returned, she hastened to my room. Any idea I might have had of going to the drawing-room was speedily abandoned. She stood before me, stern as a judge.

"You look ill, Miss Chester. You have taken cold. You must go to bed, and I will send you something warm to drink."

I murmured a few words about the visitors and music, but she was peremptory.

"No, miss, not to-night. You must take care of yourself; you have been out in the wet all day amongst those poor people. I know what it is; you must rest now. Her ladyship would desire it, I am sure."

There was nothing for it but to obey. Yet I could not sleep. The wind murmured sullenly through the wood, and the great branches rustled. My thoughts were full of the misery that I had witnessed that day, of the terrible storm, of the fallen tree, and of the guests now under the same roof. Whenever the door opened, I heard the sound of music and laughter; the house seemed all brilliancy and merriment. Mrs. Masham told me that the visitors had come. All words had failed her in trying to describe Lady Severne; she raised in speechless wonder her hands and her eyes.

"Beauty does not come near it, Miss Chester," she said after a time. "Our Lady Yorke is a beautiful woman, but Lady Severne's face dazzles one. The husband, Lord Severne, seems quiet; he is a handsome man, but very melancholy."

She contrived to give a fair description of all our visitors, and, very much to my surprise, finished by saying—

"Ah, Miss Chester, you would be queen of them all if you did not look so sad and would not always wear mourning!"

That night terrible dreams came to me of Mark. Mark was out in the storm, and I could not find him. Mark was struck by the lightning, and lay before me, dead. Mark was under the fallen tree, mangled and crushed. My dreams were always of Mark in peril, in danger, and dead.

CHAPTER IX.

WEDNESDAY morning—a day never to be forgotten; the twenty-first of May—a date ever to be remembered! I rose with the sun. The morning was so beautiful that one could hardly believe in the clouds and the storm of the day before. The air was sweet and fresh after the rain; the grass was of a brighter green, the leaves had a deeper hue, and the flowers held up their heads with renewed life.

When I opened my window, the odor of the lilacs came to me. I could see far away the golden gleam of the laburnum and the tall chestnut-trees. The fragrance from the lilacs sent my mind and heart back to Mark. I remembered how he had always loved the early morning, the fresh sweet air, the glint of the sun on the leaves. But he trod no more the green fields and woodland ways that he had loved so well; the music of wind and leaf reached him no longer. A longing impatience seized me for the time when I, in Heaven's mercy, should stand by his side again.

I forgot the terrors of the previous day; I forgot all about the visitors in the house. My heart was on fire with the anguish of my bitter desolation. Never since Mark had left me on that bright July morning had I longed so eagerly for his presence. I went out, for the house seemed all too small to hold me and my great sorrows—out where I could see the blue heavens. Ah me, how fair was the morning, and how sweet were the lilacs! It could not hurt me to dream for a few minutes, to loosen the bands that sorrow had fastened round me, to weep as I had wept when Mark went from me.

I went to the lilac trees, fresher and sweeter than ever after the rain, and sat down. The warm May sunshine fell around me, the birds were calling to each other, the dew lay upon the grass. I tried to forget the present and live for a short time in the past. I pictured the May morning at Gracedieu, on my seventeenth birthday, the pretty old house buried in the trees, the distant gleam of the river, the shade of the deep green woods, and the lovely group of lilac-trees, the topmost bough of which I could not reach. I saw the dark handsome face of my lover, so frank, so brave, so true; his dark eyes smiled into mine; his voice, than which to me earth had held no sweeter music, was in my ears.

"Oh, Mark," I cried aloud, "why could not I have died with you?"

Merciful Heaven, what was that? I rose to my feet with a cry. What was it? A figure coming slowly towards me, tall and stately, but with a drooping head, walking with slow uncertain step. Oh, Heaven, who was it—what was it? I stood paralyzed.

My heart beat so violently that I could almost hear it; my hands shook; all the warmth and color left my face. White, breathless, trembling at the same moment with terror and joy, bewildered and amazed, I stood as though my feet were rooted to the ground. What was it?

Coming slowly towards me, yet not seeing me, buried in thought, the sunshine falling on his bowed head, was Mark. Surely, if Mark had ever lived, this was he? If the sun shone in heaven, if I was sane, that was Mark—Mark, for whom I had wept as dead—my handsome, true, dear lover, come back to me! I tried to utter his name, but the sound died on my lips. I tried to move towards him; I could not stir. He was coming nearer. Ah, yes, it was Mark! Oh, my heart! I could have cried out in gratitude to Heaven, and have died. I saw the strong dear hands that had held my own; I saw the dark face, older and sadder than when we had parted; I saw the loving eyes, full now of wistful sadness.

He was not dead then, but living and well! He had doubtless been to Gracedieu in search of me, and the Rector, with whom I had left my address, had sent him hither. He had been to the house to ask for me, and the servants had told him that I was out in the park. He would explain his long cruel absence. He had come back to me; he was true and loyal; he had come to make me his wife; and I—oh, Heaven, I should be happy at last!

He was nearer to me now. I grasped the low branch of a tree to keep myself from falling. I called to Heaven to give me strength. My heart beat madly, my brain burned, my senses seemed almost to have left me. I saw only him, and as he came to the trees where I was standing I cried—

"Mark, Mark!"

I was mad—Heaven forgive me!—quite mad. My mother had warned me not to make an idol of any creature; and I was on my knees before this idol that I had made for myself. I kissed his hands, sobbing the while as though my heart would break, tears raining from my eyes. I could only cry—

"Mark, Heaven has sent you back to me! Oh, my love, how I love you!"

He raised me in his arms. Once again the strong clasp held me; once again the arms of my true love were around me. Would to Heaven the angel of death had smitten me as I lay there!

I heard him cry, "Nellie! Is it you, Nellie?" and the sound of the dearly-loved voice drove me mad again. I clung to him and kissed him with an anguish of passion known only to those who love as I loved.

"You have come back to me from the dead!" I cried. "Oh, my love, welcome! I had never doubted you, Mark, through the weeks and months and years. I have loved you just the same. I said always that if you were living you would come; if dead, I would take my love and faith untarnished to you. Speak to me, Mark. I have hungered for the sound of your voice and for the sight of your face. Speak to me."

I heard him whisper words that seemed to me like a prayer.

"My true, loyal Nellie!" he said.

"I knew you would come to me if living, Mark. Of late, as you did not come, I felt sure that you were dead. I have never doubted you for one moment, Mark."

In a passion of joy and gratitude I put my arms round his neck, telling him, with kisses and tears, how glad and happy I was, how I thanked Heaven, how my happiness was all the greater because my anguish had been so keen. He was strangely silent. But I heeded not; when my rapturous words were over, he would talk to me in the old sweet grave fashion.

"You may kiss my lips, Mark," I said, "for I have kept my promise. The kiss you left on them is there still; no one has touched them. I have never swerved, even in my thoughts, for one moment from you. If you had never returned, and I had lived fifty years longer, I should have been just as true. All other men are but shadows. Oh, Mark, teach me—you are wiser and better than I—teach me how to thank Heaven that you have come back to me!"

[TO BE CONTINUED].

WEDDED ON SAWDUST.—H. H. Drew and Miss Alice Crews were married the other day at Carrollton, Georgia, by 'Squire Tillman. The couple came to the 'Squire while he was in a sawmill, and he married them on a pile of sawdust.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE PARISIAN DETECTIVE.—The Parisian or secret police is a force by itself, and entirely separate from the ordinary staff of the sergents de ville. Its members are, as a rule, unknown to one another, and no officer can ever be sure at any moment that his movements are not being carefully watched by another.

FIELD-CRICKETS.—In Lisbon male field-crickets are sold in miniature cages by bird-fanciers at the rate of a penny a-piece. They are kept in stock by hundreds together in open tea-chests, lined for the first three or four inches from the top with slips of tin, and are fed upon lettuces. The natives like to have a "grillo" chirping in the room, and make it a pet.

QUEER TOOTH-PULLING.—In the reports of the physician in charge of the Ning Po Missionary Hospital there are some interesting observations on tooth-pulling in China. It seems that Chinese teeth are more easily extracted than those of Americans or Europeans. The native dentists are said to possess a wonderful powder, which is rubbed on the gum over the affected tooth. In about five minutes thereafter the patient is told to sneeze, whereupon the tooth falls out.

BEFORE THE TIME OF BELLS.—Before bells came into use, various instruments were used to summon congregations to worship. In Egypt they are said to have followed a Jewish custom in using a trumpet. In some Oriental church a kind of rattle gave the signal. In monasteries, monks took it in turn to go round the cells, calling the inmates to their devotions by knocking with a hammer. This was called the "night signal," or the "awakening instrument."

WAILING FOR THE DEAD.—The coronach, or mourning for the dead, is still heard in some parts of Scotland as well as of Ireland. It is a weird chant, cries of lamentation being mingled with remonstrances addressed to the departed for leaving his friends and relatives. In some remote country districts of both Scotland and Ireland professional "keeners"—that is, old women employed to sing praises of the dead—are still to be found, though their services are by no means so often called into requisition as they were half a century ago.

READY DESPATCH.—There is a bird in China called the sienhoh, on the crown of the head of which there is a beautiful scarlet tuft of down or velvet skin, to which, the natives believe, the poison of the serpent it is fond of eating determines. This downy crest is often formed into a bead, and that bead is concealed in the ornamental necklaces of the high officers—the aristocracy of China—for a suicidal purpose, in case of Imperial displeasure, which, as report goes, is easily effected by merely touching the venomous bead with the tip of the tongue, when death follows instantly.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR RECOMMENDATION.—A literary man relates that he made a proposal of marriage to a charming young woman, and she asked for a day or two in which to consider the matter. The next afternoon he received from her a package accompanied by a note, inquiring, "Do you think it is safe?" Opening the package he found these books: Froude's "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," Daudet's "Artists' Wives," "The Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius," and a copy of a well-known magazine containing an essay advising young women not to marry literary men.

THE LETTERS.—A writer in Science denies that the letter y is a lineal descendant from the Roman Y, which, in the time of Cicero, was borrowed from the Greek alphabet to represent upsilon in the translation of Greek names. The latter is only used, he says, as a vowel to transliterate upsilon in loan words, either direct from the Greek or indirectly through Latin or French. In a great majority of cases the English y is a semi-consonant, corresponding in value with the Continental j. Along with the other Roman letters, y was adopted by the Anglo-Saxons from the Latin alphabet, with a value approximating to that of i. In fact, he claims that there is not a lineal descendant of the Anglo-Saxon y now in existence. The letter y in modern English words is, curiously enough, he claims, not at all, but a lineal descendant of the Anglo-Saxon g, which was the Roman G, evolved by the Romans out of an earlier C.

IT is a good rule always to back your friends and face your enemies.

THE SILENT GUEST.

BY TESSIE BEBORN.

Each day when the shadows lengthen,
And the gloaming soft comes stealing;
A shrouded form at my elbow stands,
But never its face revealing.
It comes and goes with a noiseless step,
But its presence I feel quite clearly;
I would drive away the silent guest,
Aye, that I would sincerely.

I know 'tis there by the icy breath
That seems to chill my bones;
And I fancy I hear low tearless sobs,
And sighs, and silent moans,
Lest it may be in the noisy throng,
Forgotten almost for a night;
But it waits for me in my lonely room
'Till the dawn of the morning light.

Over and over I strive to forget
I work with a frantic zest;
In vain, for ever on my return
I meet with my phantom guest.
'Twill be over thus 'till the shadows fall
In life's last hour thick and fast,
When will stand revealed the shrouded form,
The ghost of a buried past.

TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWEN DALE'S OR DEAL," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MADGE DALE'S PORTION," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

HILDA was almost heart-broken at losing Terry. When she came back after driving her friend to the railway-station, she went wandering about the rooms and gardens, feeling almost as if there had been a death in the house. All the rooms seemed chilly and gloomy and cheerless to the lonely forlorn little mistress of all such splendor. What with exhilarating drives and walks, and visits and visitors, and tennis and the dogs, they had had a grand time together. With the exception of the days of Mr. Betterton's visit, Hilda had not known a dull moment during the whole fortnight. Would Miss Fisher, with all her grace and subdued sweetness of manner, prove as delightful a companion?

With a sorrowful heart Hilda admitted that this was not to be expected; still anything would be better than this deadly stillness; for even the dogs seemed to be depressed by Terry's absence, and walked about in a disconsolate way, looking up reproachfully at their mistress instead of welcoming her in the usual boisterous fashion.

When she reached the blue parlor and saw the tea-tray with its one cup and saucer awaiting her, she sat down in sheer desperation and cried. Then, feeling very much ashamed of herself, she wrote a note to Miss Fisher, telling her to be ready by noon on the morrow, as she would drive the ponies down into the village and fetch her up to luncheon.

"Leave your boxes ready packed for removal," she wrote; "and we will have an hour's drive before luncheon to give us an appetite."

When she had made a pretence of dining, feeling very much like a ghost in her loneliness at the large round dining-table, with three men in attendance upon her, she hurried away to her more homely parlor, with all the dogs following her, and with great resolution commenced to read a new and exciting novel. But before she had got half way through the first page her own thoughts proved more absorbing than the author's.

It was impossible for her to put away all memory of her husband's existence. She wondered if the date of his departure was fixed yet; she knew nothing of the paragraph Miss Fisher had alluded to, which had announced the departure of Mr. Watson's party for that day. People felt that it was a difficult topic of conversation to introduce in her presence, and concluded that she would be better informed as to her husband's movements than anybody else. She thought it quite likely that he would go away without troubling to see her again. Why, indeed, should he put himself out of the way to pay her a farewell visit, when it would produce only embarrassment and discomfort for both of them? On the eve of his departure he would probably drop her another note—"Address all communications for me to the European Club, Algiers, until further notice"—and there the matter would rest until his return; and then——

As the cold desolation of the future stretched out before her, she raised her hands with a pathetic hopeless gesture, and, moaning softly, let them fall again upon her open book. Minnie, the Skye terrier, the quietest but most observant of all the dogs, rose quietly from the rug, came and laid her hairy muzzle on the small white hands, and raised her pleading eyes to the sad little face above her, in a sympathy none the less intelligible and expressive because it was mute. Hilda's forlorn loneliness was so complete that even the dog's companionship comforted her a little.

Miss Fisher was nearly ready when Hilda drove up to the saddler's the next morning. She looked out from the upper window on hearing the sound of the carriage stopped at the house.

"I have only my bonnet to put on," she called out. "It has been such a struggle to get the packing done in time! I won't keep you two minutes."

Hilda turned the ponies' heads towards home, and talked to Mr. Primrose, the saddler, while she waited. Presently a pale-faced child of seven or eight came peeping from the shop door, looking with wistful eyes at Blossom and Minnie, which were in the carriage at their mistress' feet. Hilda smiled at her encouragingly.

"Do you love dogs?" she asked. "Come and talk to them; they are very good-natured, and they love little boys and girls."

Mr. Primrose brought the child in his arms to the side of the carriage; but she was shy, and would not respond to Blossom's advances.

"She looks very delicate, Mr. Primrose," said Hilda gently.

"She is, ma'am," he answered; "she has always been delicate, and now she is threatened with rickets."

"That is dreadful! Can nothing be done for her?"

"Well, the doctor advised sea-water bathing; but that's out of the question. She'd fret herself to death away from her mother, or else I'd send her to one of the Children's Homes at Margate; and I can't get along without the mother at home, you see, ma'am."

"But mightn't you have a barrel of fresh sea-water sent three times a week by rail?"

"I'm afraid that's a bit beyond me," said the man quietly. "There are seven others to keep going, and all of 'em hearty at the bread and butter; though I don't grumble at that. Better pay the baker than the doctor!"

"I see. Eight! It is a large family. And now I am taking away your lodger."

"Oh, that's a thing we expect, ma'am! And very glad I am for Miss Fisher's sake though sorry for our own; she's a very pleasant lady to have in the house."

"But about this little one, Mr. Primrose," Hilda went on, hesitating between her fear of hurting his feelings and her keen desire to be of some help. "I have been ordered sea-water baths myself"—she did not tell the kindly little fib very well, but Mr. Primrose was not keen-sighted and it passed muster—"and I have always neglected seeing to it. Now, if you will let me order a supply of sea-water for this little maiden as well as for myself, I may remember to do it—it is so difficult to fuss over oneself! You see, I want an excuse for being selfish. May I send her some?"

"Well, I do take it kind of you to think of such a thing, ma'am," answered the man. "Elsie ain't old enough to thank you herself."

"Oh, never mind about that! I shall send down a little can of milk, too, warm from the milking, for Elsie's tea of an afternoon—it is so good for delicate children! Ah, here you are!" she cried, turning to Miss Fisher, who came out of the house. "I am sorry to have hurried you like this, but I missed Miss Sugden so terribly that I grew afraid of being in the house alone. Will you give me a kiss, Elsie darling? Good-bye, Mr. Primrose!"

"It was kind of you to think of fetching me," said Miss Fisher, as they drove off. "I was delighted, though it has been rather a scamper with my packing. See," she added, holding out a couple of newspapers and a letter tied up hastily with a piece of string—"I have not even opened my morning's mail yet!"

"I am ashamed of myself for putting you to so much inconvenience. Won't you read your letter now?"

Miss Fisher shrugged her shoulders and made a gesture of indifference.

"It can wait. I am in that unhappy condition in the world, Mrs. Hayes, that I am never anxious to open my letters. There is nobody now whose affairs interest me sufficiently to make me in a hurry to hear of them."

So the parcel was laid aside and not alluded to again until luncheon was over and the two ladies were lingering in the lofty cool hall. Since their return from their drive the sky had become clouded, and there was every prospect of a wet afternoon.

"Since there is nothing better to do for a few moments," said Miss Fisher, drawing her letter from her pocket, "I really think I will read my letter at last. Are you interested in Scotch news, Mrs. Hayes? Here is a paper from Edinburgh."

Hilda took the newspaper and sat down near the fountain in the middle of the hall, while Miss Fisher strolled up to the windows to read her letter. Mr. Hayes opened the paper listlessly, and then put it down upon her knee while she acknowledged the greetings of two of the dogs, which had not seen her before on that day, and which had just been let into the house after the bath.

Stooping down over the paper to talk to the affectionate beasts, she read the head-line of an article on the open page of the newspaper—

"Further Mysterious Details of the Late Miss Amabel Mostyn's Career."

Amabel Mostyn! The woman Pierrepoint had gone all the way to Edinburgh to see on the eve of his wedding! The woman who had threatened him in some mysterious way! The woman with whose mysterious death he was concerned in some inexplicable manner!

Mrs. Hayes glanced swiftly at the tall graceful figure in the window, then rose with the paper in her hand and walked out of the hall and down the long narrow old-fashioned corridor to the blue parlor, and shut herself in. As long as the young mistress of the house was in view from where Miss Fisher stood, that lady's eyes followed her with a furtive watchfulness. There was a rather speculative expression on her face, like that of an angler with a great length of line out who is not sure if a recent little quiver denoted a bite or not.

"Further Mysterious Details of the Late Miss Amabel Mostyn's Career."

Hilda read the head-line over again, and then went over to the window and read the whole article through.

Upon one startling piece of gossip the writer had managed to build up a whole column of surmise and suggestion; but the real pith of the matter lay in the following passage—

"Putting all this together, there seems to be no reason to doubt that the unfortunate lady had really been, at some time or other, the wife of the gentleman whose evidence was given before the procurator-fiscal. Whether they were divorced or not it is impossible to say; but the main fact of the marriage seems pretty firmly established; and it is rather a pity that Mr. Peter Haynes did not make a full disclosure at the time of the inquiry, as it would have saved his name from being mixed up to-day with much that is disagreeably suggestive in the common talk of the neighborhood."

His wife! That poor soul had been his wife! Hilda's thoughts went back to that morning in Welbury Street, the morning when Hugh had scoffed at the idea of her marriage with Pierrepoint.

"Marry you to that sober old stick!" Hugh had said. "He looks very much married already! Ask him if he hasn't a wife and family waiting for his return at some up-country station 'down under!'"

How little had either of them imagined then there was any possibility of truth in the lightly-spoken words! His wife! The thought would come, though she tried hard to suppress it, that this fact must strengthen the suspicion of foul play against him. Suppose, for instance, he had believed her—the other wife—to be dead, and then, just as he was about to marry again, found out that she was still living—would there not be a temptation? The suggestion was too awful to contemplate.

Nearly an hour passed before Hilda was suddenly reminded of the existence of Miss Fisher by an inquiry from Mrs. Westedging as to whether Mattie was to undertake attendance on the new-comer, or whether one of the under-maids should be told off for such duty.

"Oh, not Mattie, Mrs. Westedging!" she said. "I prefer to keep Mattie entirely for myself."

Thus reminded of her companion's presence in the house, Hilda thrust the newspaper into a drawer of her writing-table and went back to the hall, where she found Miss Fisher half asleep.

"Have you been dull?" she asked, looking penitently at the pale drowsy face among the lounge cushions. "I went away to write a letter which I had forgotten until just now, and then my dear old housekeeper wanted me; I have only just left her."

Miss Fisher raised her sleepy eyes very slowly and looked languidly at her child-like employer. It was a half-roused lazy stare, and yet Hilda felt an odd sense of dismay, as if her falsehood had been detected.

"Not dull—only delightfully idle. I hope you are going to let my entertainment be a burden to you, Mrs. Hayes! I was here for your diversion, not for my own. If you worry yourself about me, I shall feel that I am an impostor."

It was a very suitable speech, and one to which Mrs. Hayes might have made a gracious reply; but Hilda was conscious of a sudden sense of disenchantment. Such placid languor was not quite the same thing as the pleading gentleness which had so attracted her in Mrs. Burtenshaw's drawing-room. She was not keen enough to analyze the difference, to discover for herself in what it consisted; but she felt it was there, and a faint feeling of disappointment fell like a chill upon her.

That evening, when Hilda was dressing for dinner, she made a discovery. As Mattie leaned forward to reach an ornamental hair-pin, a letter slipped from the pocket of her apron on to the table. It was ready for the post, and, lying under her very eyes, Hilda could not help seeing that it was addressed to her husband.

"Mattie," she said, surprised, "do you correspond with Mr. Hayes?"

Mattie, though she would rather have kept the fact hidden, saw that it was useless to attempt concealment.

"Yes, ma'am. Mr. Hayes gave me his address when he went away, and requested me to write twice in every week, telling him about your health. He said he could not trust you to give him a truthful account yourself, and he would feel anxious unless he heard regularly."

Hilda laughed with an air of discomfiture. This then was his indifference and negligence! Mattie looked as if she did not altogether approve of her mistress's cold laugh; but she had the good sense not to make any remark. Picking up the letter, she went on quietly with her task.

"Do you give Mr. Hayes the general news when you write, Mattie?" inquired Hilda, after a pause.

Mattie's honest face showed how deeply she resented the unworthy imputation as she replied—

"No, Miss Hilda—I beg your pardon—no, ma'am. Mr. Hayes had no thought of setting me as a spy on the comings and goings in the house. He told me plainly that the only information he wanted from me was about yourself, your health and spirits. The rest of the news he could get from elsewhere. Will you read what I have written and see for——"

"No, no!" answered Hilda quickly, as Mattie offered to open the envelope. She was ashamed of herself, and angry with Mattie for making her so. "Don't do that, I beg! I have no desire to interfere with Mr. Hayes's arrangement. That is quite enough about the silly business! Come—finish my hair and let me go!"

The toilette was finished in silence; but, when Hilda had go as far as the door, she came back to where Mattie was tidying the table and kissed her gently on the cheek.

It was about one o'clock the next day when Miss Fisher suddenly remembered that she had left one of her rings in a mantelpiece ornament in her bed-room at Mrs. Primrose's. Since breakfast the two ladies had been admiring and exploring the quaint old parlors looking on to the quadrangle garden. There were three between the blue parlor and the dragon parlor—veritable museums of curiosities—and the numberless odds and ends were not very clean. It was while she was washing her hands after these delightful but dirty explorations that Miss Fisher discovered the absence of her ring.

"If you can spare me for an hour, I will go for it myself," she suggested, standing in the doorway of Hilda's dressing-room. "The rain is over now, I think, and I would rather go myself."

"I will show you the church path," said Hilda, going down-stairs with her and picking up her hat as she passed through the hall. "It is much the shorter way to that end of the village."

They strolled together through the quadrangle and the orchard, and Hilda showed her where the keys of the orchard door hung, and then went back to her own beloved blue parlor, the dogs following her.

As Hilda reached the house again, she met Wilberforce hurrying out with a telegram, which had just arrived.

"The messenger is waiting to see if there is an answer," he said.

Hilda was not accustomed to receive telegrams, and as she opened the envelope, she entered the parlor by the window, so that Wilberforce should not see her childish anxiety over so simple a thing.

"There is no answer, Wilberforce," she called out the next moment. "Tell Mrs. Westedging that Mr. Hayes is bringing down a gentleman to luncheon at half-past two and to stay over Sunday."

So Pierrepoint was coming to say "Good-bye!" after all? She glanced at the message again.

"Am bringing old friend Watson down to luncheon to-day. May stay over week's end. Impossible to give longer notice."

Watson was the man with whom he was going to Africa; she remembered seeing the name in the newspaper. Standing with the message in her hand, she found she was growing nervous at the thought of meeting her husband again. It was absurd, she told herself angrily. In what way was it different from a meeting with an ordinary acquaintance? Determined to prove her self-command to her own satisfaction, she sat down and forced herself to write a long confidential letter to Terry, with a full account of her latest impressions concerning Miss Fisher.

It grew very warm after the rain. One of the gardeners came presently and set out the rustic furniture under the beech, and, after he had gone, the silence remained unbroken for a long time, except for the scratching of Hilda's pen.

The next interruption to the drowsy stillness came with such vollence and suddenness that Hilda dropped her pen, startled, and the dogs one and all raised their heads and were on the alert. It was only the clang of the orchard door, but it was flung to so forcibly as to leave an impression that something had happened. Hilda and the dogs sat listening and watching.

The next moment Miss Fisher's black bonnet was seen approaching rapidly through the greenery in the orchard towards the small gate at the far corner of the quadrangle. Only her bonnet could be seen above the close-cut box hedge, appearing and disappearing between the apple and plum trees. But even with this limited view it seemed to Hilda that there was something headstrong and impetuous about her lady-companion's movements. When she came through the quadrangle gate and was seen speeding along the path on the other side of the garden, it was plain that she was really in desperate haste. She turned off the path presently, and almost ran across the garden towards the corner door, even stopping over some of the smaller flower-beds in his eagerness to reach the house. As she sped along, with his shoulders bent forward and her head low, she gave Hilda the impression of one flying from a pursuing enemy, and, although her thick crape veil was down, it was easy to imagine a hunted look on the face behind it.

Hilda waited with a strange feeling of expectancy until the hurrying figure passed out of sight through the corner door, and then she began wondering what she ought to do. She would have gone at once to see if anything was wrong but for a vague impression that Miss Fisher's principal object at the moment was to escape observation. Puzzled and undecided, her attention was again suddenly distracted by the dogs. Without any cause, as it seemed to her, Minnie suddenly stood up and began to sniff—an example which was at once followed by the rest; and the next moment they were all four out of the window and, yapping and whimpering in unmistakable joy, went racing in the direction of the gate.

Hilda understood them now, and would have done so even if she had not heard the sound of male voices and seen two hats advancing between the trees beyond the hedge, just as Fisher's bonnet had done two minutes before.

CHAPER XII.

MISS FISHER'S incomprehensible flight across the garden produced a strange feeling of perplexity in Hilda's mind, a feeling which clung to her in spite of herself, as she stood at the window waiting the approach of the two gentlemen.

Pierrepoint Hayes had evidently intended going in by the corner door, but, when he saw his wife standing at the window, he stepped across to her at once. The other man hung back a little, watching with evident amusement the dogs' delight at the return of their master.

Hilda liked Malcolm Watson at the first glance. His perfect simplicity and the utter absence of any attempt to seem other than he was had a peculiar charm for her.

"Come in this way," she said, "out of the sun! You must have found the heat intolerable while walking. I would have sent to meet you, but you mentioned no train, Pierrepoint."

Hayes was looking round the room with pleased interested eyes, noting every little change she had made in his absence.

"No; I wanted Watson to see the back-end of the park. He has only a day or two to spare, and I want him to see all over the homestead before he goes; so I began at once. You have used this room a great deal, Hilda?"

"Yes. Terry and I were nearly always in it until the evening. Bye-the-bye, I have another lady staying with me just now—a Miss Fisher, she arrived only yesterday."

"Miss Sugden has gone then? I am sorry for that; Watson and she would have got on splendidly."

"Oh, but I think you will get on with Miss Fisher too, Mr. Watson!" said Hilda. "She is delightful—far more interesting than a mere girl!"

Mr. Watson smiled rather quizzically at this.

"But I'm rather partial to 'mere girls,' Mrs. Hayes," he rejoined frankly. "I don't find youth and purity nauseating, as some men do. My very best chum at Horsmanton was a girl who was desperately proud of her first long frock, which was put on during my visit."

"Then I'm afraid Miss Fisher will be wasted on you, Mr. Watson."

"Not at all! We'll hand her over to Peter, and you and I will make fun of them."

Hilda laughed, and glanced at her husband. Minnie had leaped upon a chair next to him, and was smoothing her silky hair with a caressing touch in response to her silent manifestations of joy. It seemed so strange to think of that stalwart grave-faced man having a nickname! He looked a little graver just now, she thought. Perhaps, now that the time had come, he did not like going away from home. The thought that his chief reason for going was probably to save her the infliction of his society suddenly occurred to her and troubled her. She felt so overwhelmed with her responsibility in this matter that she would have asked him not to go but for her fear that he would misinterpret her motive. The idea so weighed upon her mind that, when they were alone at the luncheon-table for a minute or two before Mr. Watson found his way down, she felt constrained to put the request to him—surely things were sad and hopeless enough for them both without their adding needlessly to each other's burdens!—but an interruption came before she could summon up sufficient courage, and the opportunity was lost for the present.

Will you send to Miss Fisher, Wilberforce?" she said presently, remembering suddenly that, as she had not seen that lady to tell her of the gentlemen's arrival, she would perhaps wait for an invitation before presenting herself.

Wilberforce came to his mistress' side and explained.

"Miss Fisher sent word down, ma'am, that, if you inquired for her, I was to tell you that she has slipped on the stairs and sprained her foot very badly; she can't put it to the ground. She said you were not to worry about it, ma'am; and she would have her luncheon in her own room."

"How very unfortunate! Send Mattie to her, Wilberforce; she understands all about sprains. Tell her to say how sorry I am, and that I will come to Miss Fisher directly after luncheon."

But, when Hilda fulfilled this promise, Miss Fisher would not allow her to stay a minute.

"Esther told me of Mr. Hayes' arrival," she said; "and you will make me really unhappy if you let me keep you from him a moment. I am not in any pain to speak of so long as I keep my foot off the ground."

"Did Mattie come to you?" asked Hilda.

"Yes. She wanted to foment my ankle, but I had already done it for myself, and bound it up. I'm afraid she was a little hurt because I would not let her doctor me, but I have sprained my foot before, and know exactly what to do. Now will you go, please, and make the gentlemen happy?"

So Hilda went reluctantly down-stairs. She was met by Mr. Watson in the hall.

"Peter is smoking on the steps," he said, waving his hand towards the large shadowy porch which opened on to the modern gardens at the side of the house; "and it makes me unhappy to smell tobacco when I am not smoking myself."

"But don't you smoke?"

"Yes—but only in moderation just now. I am getting my nerves in order for a sporting trip in Africa."

"Oh, we have heard all about that!" she rejoined. "I suppose you have a great name as a sportsman to keep up? Pierrepoint is not obliged to be so careful."

"Not just now, at all events," he answered. "But you mustn't make light of his pretensions as a sportsman, Mrs. Hayes; he is a first-rate fellow out of doors, I can tell you. He made some of the biggest talkers look rather small at Horsmanton. Seeing him behave so quietly, they had set him down as a duffer, and rather left him 'out of it' in the arrangements; but he soon showed them he was a crack shot when the work began."

"I am glad," she said; and she meant it.

She had all an English girl's appreciation for this particular kind of dexterity, and it pleased her to think that her husband could hold his own among the men of her class.

"I chuckled to myself when I heard them talking about it at luncheon," Mr. Watson went on, "because I knew Peter's quiet ways of old. Something had been said by one of his party about taking care of him and setting his little mistakes right, and it pleased me when Mr. Bounce had to confess that Hayes had beaten him completely once or twice. Wasn't it odd, our meeting in that promiscuous way on the road to Horsmanton, after losing sight of each other for the last six years?

"Very odd," Hilda agreed, careful not to let him know that this was the first she had heard of it.

So they had been friends in Australia, Pierrepoint and this pleasantly frank man with the cheery voice and the unassuming manner! She would have liked to ask a score of questions about that old friendship and this accidental renewal of it if she had dared; but she would not do anything likely to arouse his suspicion as to the true state of things between Pierrepoint and herself. He must be left in the belief that she had heard all about the rencontre from Pierrepoint himself.

"I don't know the day when I've been so delighted about anything!" he continued enthusiastically. "And I didn't recognize him at the first glance, either—shaving off the big brown beard makes such a difference! It was at Retford Station—but of course he has told you all about it?"

"But I don't mind hearing pleasant things more than once," returned Hilda.

Watson laughed, and shook his head good-naturedly, refusing to be drawn out.

"It was his voice that attracted my attention, Mrs. Hayes. I should know that anywhere and in any circumstance. When I was down with ague and fever in Australia, and a bit troublesome to manage, the only way he could keep me in bed was by singing to me; he'd keep on at it till he was hoarse—all the Christy Minstrel things, about 'Baby's Cradle' and 'Mother Darling,' and all the rest of them. And he'd read by the hour too, when he was too used up to sing. I tell you my heart gave a jump when I heard him call for a whiskey and soda in the refreshment bar at Retford. And, upon my word, I think he was almost as pleased as I was! The people round about stared as if they thought we were a couple of dangerous lunatics; and I've no doubt we gave them cause, for we were too excited to trouble ourselves about anything but each other!"

Even the memory of the meeting seemed to touch him a little, and Hilda smiled in sympathy with his evident feeling; but she had nothing to say. She was trying to picture her quiet reserved husband in that animated state of delight, and found it very difficult to do so. The nursing business was easier to realise. She recalled his tender care on the journey down to Folkestone, and a sudden keen regret came to her at the thought that she was never to receive such gentle attention from him again. She did him the justice to admit that he was never likely to cross the barrier she had set up between them.

"Does Pierrepoint sing?" she asked, after rather a long pause. "That is another instance of his modesty then; we none of us even know he had a voice."

"He was our star vocalist in Australia. We got up a glee society once, and he was the backbone of the whole thing. Ah, you're just in time to save your character, old fellow!" Watson broke off, as Hayes, with the dogs at his heels, came strolling in and drew up a chair near to them. "Mrs. Hayes had no idea what a rowdy sort of person you were until to-day!"

Hayes laughed uncomfortably, and stooped to play with Blossom's long velvety ears; and Watson was conscious of having committed a blunder.

"I suppose you have finally decided to go straight to Marseilles and ship from there?" said Hayes, as if anxious to turn the conversation.

"Don't talk about it before your wife, man!" answered Watson, with mock terror, "What will she say to me for dragging you away in the midst of the shooting season? I've been telling her how you used to sing me to 'bye-bye' when I was down so long during that wet season in Carfax Gully, Peter. Do you remember how little Yorkshire Ham used to creep up and listen outside the shanty?"

Once launched upon their reminiscences of long-past times, Hayes' tongue loosened as if by magic, and his face, so still and grave as a rule, grew gradually brighter and more animated, until the silent observant girl-wife began to wonder if this could really be the uninteresting man she had married. Why had he always been so grave and reticent in society, she wondered, if he could talk so well? Was it because he had never had a chance to be otherwise—because he knew he had been tolerated simply on account of his excellent position? A strange feeling of humiliation came over her as she sat and listened. However wicked he might be, this man was no dullard. Once or twice, when he made some satirical allusion to the weaknesses of one or another among those acquaintances of a past time, she felt a hot flush of dismay in her cheeks. Pierrepoint satirical! It seemed incredible. No doubt he had often seen through the motives of those people who had paid such assiduous court to his income, and had laughed in his sleeve at them. She had always thought he was rather apathetic; this discovery of this keen insight into character and motive was a complete revelation to her. If he was so discerning, she asked, with some resentment, how was it that he had allowed himself to be blinded on the subject of her feeling for him?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ONLY ONE.—George Graham, the only mechanic buried in Westminster Abbey, was the son of Richard Graham, of Blackhouse, in the county of Cumberland, England. At the age of 13 he went to London and apprenticed himself to Thomas Tompion, a noted clock and watch maker, and later was taken into partnership, and become famous for the excellence of his work. It was, however, his scientific inventions that gave him his greatest prominence. He corrected the variation of the pendulum, due to the changes of temperature, by inventing the mercurial bob. The great clock at Greenwich, which regulates the time of the English Empire was made by him in 1727, and, although it has done duty for nearly a century and three-quarters, it is still in use and could scarcely now be surpassed in its mechanical excellence. It is said, notwithstanding the long interval since it was made, that it does not require attention oftener than once a year. The mural arch at Greenwich, used by the English Government for the testing of quadrants and other instruments, was the work of his hands. So great was his reputation that when the French Government despatched Maupertius to the Polar Circle to ascertain the exact figure of the earth, the instruments the navigator used during that voyage were made by George Graham. He died in 1751, aged 68, and it was not until four years thereafter that his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey.

ANTICIPATING HIS SERMON.—On the occasion of a ceremony of which it was desired that reports should appear in the newspapers, a number of details were put into type in advance, with the object of assisting the pressmen, and these particulars, contrary to the usual practice, anticipated matters so fully that a precis of the speeches to be delivered by the principal visitors was confidentially given.

One of these speeches was attributed to Lord Rothschild, who was a large donor. The printed slip was handed to an injudicious scribe, who happened in the hearing of the gentleman chiefly concerned to comment upon the amount of his subscription. Lord Rothschild perceived at once that an address had been ready made for him.

No man is more sensitive on the subject of the accuracy of speeches published under his name, and the great financier remonstrated with the energetic secretary, who said—

"Well, my lord, this is what you ought to have said, and no doubt will say, with anything more you like to add."

First Miner: "Great Mulligan! what's Mike got the candle stuck in his ear for?" Second Miner: "Oh! How long ye been over? That's an alarm candle—see? Mike's got to wake to go on th' four o'clock shift up in th' shaft; candle burns an inch an hour. Mike's made his calculations on it; when th' candle burns down to his ear it's four o'clock—see?"

WOULD WE?

BY C. T.

Charitable, good and gracious,
Virtue's champions we'd be,
If, like some that we could mention,
We had opportunity.

We would weave those dreary moments
Into beauty-laden hours;
All the weeds and thorns about us
We would change to fragrant flowers.
Ours would be the hearts to open
To the pleadings of distress;
Ours the hands to raise the fallen,
Ours the lips to pray and bless.

Would they? When the while we're dreaming
These sweet visions o'er and o'er,
Some poor, lonely soul is passing
In and out our dwelling door.
Hearts are near that we could comfort,
Tired hands are here to press;
Trembling lips are waiting near us,
Yearning for one fond caress.

Though our lives are poor and meagre,
We can bless and we can pray.
There are burdens we can lighten,
There are griefs we can allay.
While we wait the chance to carry
Out our philanthropic play,
Let us spend those waiting hours
Doing all the good we can.

The Rehearsals.

BY A. L. D.

"ANYTHING particular in that?" asked Arthur Dancy, peering over his morning paper at his young wife, who was letting her toast and coffee get cold while she meditated upon the sweetly-scented pale pink note just handed to her.

Instead of giving a direct answer to her husband's question, Mrs. Dancy put another.

"Why do you ask? Did you not know the Cottrells were going to invite me to take part in the theatricals they always get up for Chloe's birthday?"

"Certainly not! Though I often meet their brothers in the city, it is not to discuss home affairs. I was curious about the contents of your note, because I saw so many changes pass over your face while you read it. First, you blushed a little, then smiled and looked flattered, then your mouth began to droop, and you grew as grave as if—as if you had spoiled your newest gown. I suppose, being tender-hearted, you were wishing they had not put you to the pain of a refusal."

"It will vex them very much," Mrs. Dancy replied, "for I acted with them three years ago, in the farces they propose playing, and they remind me that I gained great applause. I suppose I must say it is impossible?"

This was said inquiringly; but Arthur Dancy had returned to his newspaper and read on without speaking, till his wife, in slightly acrid tones, resumed:

"It does not follow that because I am married I must give up all innocent amusements, and I do like acting very much; but then there is baby to be considered; he is too tiny to be left with such an inexperienced nurse as Patty. I should be uneasy about him all the time I was away."

Still silence, till with a pout Mrs. Dancy exclaimed:

"How disagreeable you are, Arthur! If you have any objections to offer, why not do so frankly?"

"My dear May, what occasion is there for my saying anything in the matter? You have yourself declared that you should not feel justified in leaving the little one at the mercy of a raw country girl. Is not that a good and sufficient reason for declining the Cottrell's invitation?"

"Yes, perhaps it is," was the hesitating reply; "but it could be got over by asking mother to come and stay here while I was away, and I believe I should have done so, if only you hadn't put on such a disapproving air," she added.

"Am I in the habit of denying my wife any innocent amusements?" Mr. Dancy queried, reproachfully.

"Oh, no; but—but still I can tell by your manner that you do not want me to act. Yes, or no? Do you, or don't you?"

"Honestly, then, I shouldn't care to see you playing love scenes, and being hugged and kissed by such a fellow as Teddy Vane."

"He is most amusing, and very gentlemanly; and the Cottrells say there is no harm in him."

"Their brothers could tell a different tale if they chose, and I am surprised that they are not more careful whom they bring home, and introduce to their sisters."

"Then I must give up the play because my husband is foolish enough to be jealous!" cried May, pettishly; regretting it, however, as soon as she saw that she had made him really angry.

She followed him into the hall, insisted on being allowed to help him into his overcoat, and clung about his neck, looking so penitent and so pretty that his wrath was soon allayed, and she was forgiven.

From that moment no further allusion was made to Chloe Cottrell's birthday party, Mrs. Dancy not even mentioning to her husband that, after sundry attempts to write her excuses, she had torn them up and walked as far as Mrs. Cottrell's to make them in person.

Maude and Chloe were the twin daughters of a widow in very comfortable circumstances; a lady who loved good living, and detested solitude. Her extreme obesity prevented her taking any active part in the gay doings of her sons and daughters; but she sat in her arm-chair, and laughed and panted for breath, and applauded till sometimes she grew purple in the face, and had to be patted on the back violently, and dosed with sal-volatile to bring her round.

With such an ease-loving dame at the head of the household, it may be divined that the Misses Cottrell did pretty well as they liked, and had a very large circle of acquaintances. The young men introduced by their brothers regarded Mrs. Cottrell's drawing-room as a delightful lounge; and the most censorious of their lady friends acknowledged that, although verging on the very confines of what is called fast, Chloe and Maude were too lively and good-natured to be dropped because they talked more, and laughed louder than etiquette permits.

There was much regretting and murmuring, when May Dancy made known the purport of her visit; and after a substitute was decided upon, so many appeals were made to her, and her suggestions were so readily adopted, that it was very flattering.

"Though I cannot act," she said, at parting, "I may be able to give you a little help in your rehearsals. Let me know when they take place, and I will try and be present."

She was called "a dear thing" for this promise, which had just been given when the object of Arthur Dancy's aversion, the handsome, smooth-tongued Teddy Vane, dropped in, and was instantly informed that their best actress had failed them.

At first he complicated matters by declining to act with anyone else. His own histrionic abilities were so poor, he declared, that he should not have courage to appear on any stage if he were not backed by a lady clever enough and generous enough to come to his aid when he blundered, and by her own skill and address disguise his want of it.

May laughed incredulously, and scoffed at his pretence of cowardice. Yet Teddy Vane's pretty speeches and his deferential manner, so different from the gay familiarity with which he talked to the Cottrells, left a very pleasant impression. What a pity it was Arthur disliked him! Surely he took a very harsh view of the young man's follies.

May casually remarked at dinner that she had seen Maude and Chloe, and told them they must find another leading lady, but she did not mention Teddy Vane, or her implied agreement to coach him in his part. Not that she intended to deceive her husband, but the subject was prudently shelved, seeing that he had come home with a peace-offering tucked under his arm—a linendraper's parcel containing just the dress-piece she had been longing for—a cream mousseline-delaine, flecked with spray of the delicate green so becoming to her.

She could not vex him and bring a shadow to his brow by any allusion to a person of whom he disapproved. As for the rehearsals, she wished she had not consented to have anything to do with them, and resolved to write to Chloe in the morning, and make baby's teething an excuse for rescinding her promise.

But the note was not written on the morrow. May was busy, and deferred it day after till the evening arrived on which the first rehearsal was to take place. Then remembering that Mr. Dancy was always detained on Fridays till a late hour, and that the Cottrells had cheerfully altered all their arrangements on learning that this was the most convenient day for his wife to come to them, May decided that it would be positively discourteous not to go.

But now a difficulty presented itself. May's mother was obliged to keep her room with a slight attack of influenza, and to leave baby in charge of stupid, awkward Patty, their only servant, would be a risk the young mother did not feel justified in running.

So she said and thought, till the clock struck the hour at which her friends expected her, and then her resolution began to waver.

Baby was undressed and in bed, sleeping sweetly. He could not come to any harm if he awoke, a most unlikely thing, especially if she forebade Patty to bring him out of his nursery.

There really was no reason why she should not run round to Mrs. Cottrell's—it was only two streets away—to see how the actors were getting on. Five minutes to go, the briefest stay imaginable, and she would be home again, long before Arthur could arrive from the city. Yes, this once she would indulge her passion for the drama, and, half frightened at her own temerity, away sped May Dancy.

* * * * * *

Her programme was carried out faithfully, and when Mr. Dancy came home, it was to the welcome of a bright fire, an appetizing supper, and a smiling wife.

But a fagging day over his books had made him not only tired, but inclined to be cross, and, seeing this, May again abstained from mentioning the Cottrell's theatricals.

Nor was she encouraged to do so on the morrow, for when she commenced by observing, as she poured out his coffee, that the first rehearsals had taken place on the preceding evening, he interposed, quite touchily:

"Haven't we had enough of the Cottrells lately?—I'm sick of their name! These eggs are not done as well as I like them to be."

"It is his own fault that he does not know what I have done!" May told herself. "How selfish men are! They expect you to take the deepest interest in their pursuits, but if you speak of your own, they throw cold water on them directly."

So it was in a very injured mood that Mrs. Dancy paid a second and a third visit to the Cottrells, staying a little longer each time, and feeling quite satisfied with herself, as she was always at home before her husband, and baby behaved beautifully.

It was rather provoking that Teddy Vane would insist on accompanying her to her own door, and after May permitted herself to be beguiled into acting with him in one of the love-scenes her husband deprecated, she felt very guilty and uncomfortable.

But then the lady friend, chosen for her pretty face more than her abilities, was such a stick that someone must try to infuse a little more grace and spirit into her acting, and who could do it as well as May? By example, of course; but it was provoking that Teddy Vane, who had hitherto lounged through his part so indifferently as to discourage the timid debutante, no sooner found himself matched with Mrs. Dancy, than he began to infuse into it all the fervor and tenderness of an adoring lover.

May contrived to avoid the embrace that marked the climax by starting away with a little shriek, and pointing to the clock. Like Cinderella, she gaily protested she had stayed too late, and fled so rapidly that she succeeded in evading her would-be escort.

Her fingers were still tingling and thrilling with the ardor of Teddy Vane's clasp; her cheeks still burning beneath the significance of his glances. The young wife was dissatisfied with him, yet still more so with herself. Now that he had doffed the reverential manner that had hitherto distinguished him when addressing her, she could acknowledge that Arthur's judgment of Mrs. Cottrell's handsome guest might not be so harsh as she had deemed it. To-night Teddy Vane had lifted the veil, and she was startled and humiliated.

Mrs. Dancy was breathless with running when she reached her own door, and rang the bell softly lest the sound should awaken baby. Scarcely had the faint tinkle died away when it was followed by a low moaning, that chilled its hearer with apprehension.

What could it mean?

After a frightened pause she unclasped the wicket gate leading to the rear of the premises, and hurried round to the back of the house, where the nursery was situated.

There was no light in the window!

Good Heavens, where could baby be? and his nurse, what has become of her?

Mrs. Dancy, her terror increasing, returned to the front door and listened. Still she heard that dreadful moaning noise. Had burglars effected their entrance in her absence, and silenced Patty's cries by brutally assaulting her?

Distracted at the thought, May flew to the road to look for help. It was no use appealing to her neighbors; on the one side they were an infirm elderly couple, on the other an invalid with a nervous wife.

Wringing her hands and sobbing, she ran to and fro, not knowing where to go or what to do. The hour was not late, but the villas that bordered the quiet suburban road were few and far between, standing back in their own gardens; and after fathers and brothers had returned from the city a profound hush seemed to settle down upon the locality.

Another wild rush, she knew not where, and May found herself in the arms of her husband, who had arrived a little sooner than he was expected, and brought a friend with him.

It was not easy to discover the meaning of her wild utterances, nor why, when asked what had become of her child, she shrieked and shuddered as if her suspense as to his fate were more than she could bear.

Fortunately a policeman now made his appearance, and was summoned to their aid with his lantern.

When the house was entered by means of Arthur's latch-key, it was found to be in darkness, but the first thing Mr. Dancy stumbled over was a broken hand-lamp.

May could have explained why the gas-burners had not been lighted. Always a careful housekeeper, she had considered it wasteful to burn the gas while she was from home, and Patty, working by the lamp in the nursery, had orders not to light up till her mistress returned.

But what was that white bundle lying on the mat at the foot of the stairs?

Baby; his hands very cold, his eyes closed.

"Was he dead? her first-born, her precious darling?" wailed the miserable young mother, as she clasped him to her bosom and rocked him to and fro. Was it his dying moans she had heard as she stood at the door unable to reach him?

No; for now they broke forth more loudly than before, and half-way up the stairs Patty was discovered to be lying, with one leg doubled under her.

As soon as an attempt was made to raise her, the pain brought back her senses, and there was no doubt that the limb was broken.

By the time she had been carried to her room, and the policeman dispatched in search of doctor and nurse, baby had given proof that he was still alive, and May could listen to Patty's explanation of her misadventure.

"I knows I oughtn't to have left the nursery till missus rung to be let in," sobbed the girl; "but the pretty dear woke up so feverish and thirsty that he drank all the milk I had upstairs, and wanted more, and I thought there could be no harm in going down to fetch some more if I took him with me. But, somehow, I ketched my foot in my bootlace and fell forward, and baby were pitched out of my arms. He cried dreadfully at first, and I couldn't go to him, though I tried hard for it. But it were more terrible still when he didn't make no noise at all. I made sure that he were dead, and wished I could die too. Are ye quite sure, master, that he ain't none the worse for his fall?"

No; on the most careful examination, nothing but a bruise on one shoulder could be found on the person of the sturdy infant. Baby had been more frightened than hurt by his fall, and after crying lustily, had dropped into the profound slumber from which his mother's caresses awakened him.

After he had been restored to his bereaunette, and Patty, her leg set by a skilled surgeon, was left for the night to the care of a nurse recommended by him, May had a pitiful little confession to make to her husband.

But for her visits to the Cottrells, this could not have happened; and her tears fell fast as she admitted it.

Arthur was both vexed and grieved. He had trusted his young wife so fully, that only from her own lips would he have credited the tale he was now listening to.

But she had been sharply punished, and was looking too ill and shaken to be reproached. So he drew her head down on his breast, and wiped away her tears; and

May never loved him so truly as when he forbade any recurrence to the subject, merely adding:

"I don't think my little wife will have any secrets from me in future."

After all those rehearsals ended in a fiasco, for at the last moment, when it was too late to hunt up a substitute, Teddy Vane failed the Cottrells, and went off to marry a widow whose wealth was her sole attraction; and Maude having wedded a curate, and Chloe gone out to India, as the wife of a medical missionary, both the sisters have abjured private theatricals for ever.

Not All In Vain.

BY T. B. C.

WHY not marry me soon? Our home, of course, would be Dora's, and you could care for her as you always have?"

"You do not understand her, Dane. It would kill her nearly if she thought I loved anyone better than herself. Loving, gentle, patient as she is, in this respect she is a little tyrant, and she is too dear to me to allow adding one drop to her already overflowing cup of suffering. I cannot even tell her of our engagement. Things must go on just as they have and we must wait."

"Madge, this is madness. Wait! We might wait a lifetime; she may outlive us both."

"No, that is scarcely possible, though—"

"It may be for years," she added, with a sigh.

"Yes. 'It may be for ever,'" said Dane, savagely.

"Let us hope not. But if it must be, it must. As I have said, she would droop and die if she thought I had a heart for any one else, and she must ever come first before any happiness of mine.

Like most other men, Dane Forrester was unreasonable when anything happened to thwart his wishes, and he was blind to the suffering of the girl he loved. He could not see that it was costing her anything.

"And this is love! A thing to be lightly cast aside for the whim of an invalid. You pretend to love me, yet will destroy my life's happiness without reason, for there is no plausible reason why Dora should not be as happy and as well off with us as she could be otherwise. Strange love that."

"Do not speak so bitterly, Dane," replied Margaret, with a sob in her voice. "You do not understand, but my reasons are strong and right why I should not give myself to another while Dora lives. Forget what you have said to me this night, and let us be friends as of old. Do not bind yourself to me; I give you your freedom, only let us be friends for Dora's sake."

"What you ask cannot be; we must be more than friends, or less; since you will it so you are free, but I shall go; it would be madness for me to stay where I can see your face. Oh, my love! my love! Once more I beg of you to think what you are doing. Marry me now, or a year from now, and I promise you Dora shall be happy."

"How can I let you go? Yet, Dane, it cannot be, we must be friends only for the present."

"You really mean it?"

"Yes."

"Then good-bye—to you, to my happiness, to all that would make life worth living," and with a passionate kiss on her quivering lips he was gone, without a thought that she too must suffer—without a suspicion of the sacrifice she was making.

She tried to call him back, but her lips were parched and no sound would come from them. With a cry she flung herself on the ground, and with only the stars to witness her agony, fought her battle alone.

"Oh," she murmured, "that this should be required of me. What have I ever done that this must be? From earliest girlhood I have given up my life to her. None of the joys and pleasures of other young people have I known; none of that companionship that brightens life; all, all, has been sacrificed to make her poor life a little happier; all that love could do have I done, only to have this demanded of me. Oh, Dane, if you only knew the truth! Yet you never can. She loves you; loves you with that strength of which such natures are capable; it would be certain death to know you loved another, and that other me. But she never shall know. I will make my moan in silence, and keep the truth from her. But he has gone; what will she say to that? Oh, why couldn't he have stayed and let things go as they were! No, he is gone, gone! Oh, Dane, come back!"

For half-an-hour she lay there tempest-tossed, then with a prayer for strength on her lips she stole to her room, and when she entered her sister's apartment all traces of her late emotion were gone.

"What, Dora, not sleeping yet?" she inquired, anxiously, as a pair of glittering eyes looked at her from among the pillows, and she saw crimson spots on the usually pale cheeks. "I thought you were ready to sleep, or I would not have left you."

"Not even to be with Dane?"

"Not for any one, dear. Do I ever?"

"No, but you will some day. I know how it is; you will learn to love some one, and then what will become of me? I only hope it won't be Dane; although he will never love me, I could not endure it to know of his loving any one else."

"Dora, dear, you are exciting yourself uselessly. You know I will not leave you for any one on earth. You are my darling and my love," saying which she raised her sister in her arms and tenderly caressed her.

Then could be seen the cause of her solicitude. Dora was deformed.

Beautiful, as it seldom falls to the lot of invalids to be, her deformity seemed all the more pitiful.

She was slight as a child, and through the day when her hair floated round her in golden masses, she looked a child indeed.

Now this shielding veil of hair was carefully braided by loving fingers, and there was no disguise.

A fall down stairs, when she was scarcely more than a babe, had done the mischief, and, delicate from birth, had rendered her a hopeless invalid.

It was with fears for her that their mother had closed her eyes on this world while Dora was yet a child.

But all that a mother's love could do Margaret had done, and she only felt the need of that tender parent and sympathizer.

Ah, how sorely she needed her now.

But, putting all thoughts of self aside she soothed her sister into comparative quiet before she prepared for her own rest.

"Madge, did you see Dane this evening?"

"Yes, for a little while."

"Did he say at what time he was coming to-morrow?"

"No, dear, don't think any more about it to-night; wait until to-morrow comes;" and she settled Dora's pillows with a sigh.

It was long before sleep came to Madge's relief. Thoughts of what the day had brought, of what the morrow might bring, crowded through her mind. If Dane would only stay, have given Dora due warning of his going; but she feared he would be off without a word, and she knew the effect on her sister would be of the worst. What a burden for those young shoulders to bear; how could she ever do it? "I must be strong," she thought; and with her a duty was always done.

Dora seemed so bright and happy in the morning that her own spirits were affected, and she hoped that all would go on as usual; but as the day wore away with no sign from Dane, Dora grew restless, and Madge's heart sank within her. Toward evening she learned that he had returned to town at noon. How could she tell Dora? "I will not to-night," she thought; and she took her for a drive, hoping to take her mind off the subject; but she saw her efforts had been useless, by the brightness of Dora's eyes, and crimson cheeks, as they neared home.

"Madge," she exclaimed, as soon as they were in their room again, "what has become of Dane Forrester? I am afraid he must be ill, for he never lets a day pass without at least inquiring for me? Won't you send to ask?"

"Not to-night."

"Why not to-night? Why wait?"

"It would be useless."

"Useless! Madge, you are keeping something from me; I see it. Tell me what is the matter; has anything happened?"

"Dora, dear child, do not excite yourself so. If you will know to-night, Dane returned to London to-day."

"Gone! Dane gone! And you never told me," cried Dora, in terrible excitement. "You knew it all the time; you knew last night he was going, and you let him; without one word to me; without one word, Madge," she exclaimed, in rising passion. "I believe you sent him away, sent him from me, because you were jealous of me, a cripple—"

Madge put out her hand to stay the torrent of words, but the fit of passion had done its work, and Dora lay white and rigid. It was hours before they could restore her to consciousness, and days before she left her bed again. When she did it was evident to all that she was failing rapidly, and in alarm Madge called in the first physician of the day.

Dane's name had never been mentioned since that night. When Madge saw that Dora was failing she wrote to Dane, asking him to come to them, and resolved when he did come to tell the truth. To that letter she received no answer, and with breaking heart she learned that a few weeks at most would close Dora's short life.

"And I shall be alone, utterly alone; why, cannot I die too?" Madge moaned.

It October it happened.

One cool, bright morning, with Madge's hand clasped in hers, Dora lay, to all appearance, unconscious, the seal of death upon her face.

Suddenly her eyes opened with such a look of joy that Madge started, thinking Dora was going indeed, but she only said, "Dane is come at last," with such conviction in her voice that Madge commenced to weep, thinking her sister past recognising her.

Just then the door softly opened, and with a cry that told more than words, Dora found herself in Dane Forrester's arms. His eyes were opened, and with one arm around Dora he gave his other hand to Madge.

"I understand now," he said, and so they sat until a fluttering sigh told them all was over, then tenderly he laid the poor form among the pillows, and taking Madge in his arms, folded her to his loving heart.

A month later, standing by her grave, they plighted their vows anew; and then Dane told Madge that he had never had her letter until after his return from abroad, whither he had gone in his haste; it had followed him across and back again.

FAITH.—The whole spirit and letter of the Gospel so enforce the duty of brotherly love, that the harshness with which man is disposed to regard the fellow-man whose doctrine differs from his own, has in that commandment of love, a perpetual mitigator and sweetener. When the scribe asked our Lord, "What is the first commandment of all?" Our Lord was not contented with stating the first commandment alone—viz: that which enjoins the Love of God—but emphatically added a second commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The First Commandment includes religious faith; for who can love what he does not believe in? The Second Commandment includes all which can keep faith safe from bigotry; for what man except a maniac would torment and persecute himself for a difference of opinion from another?

It is thus that, by a benignant omniscience the human heart in its strength and its weakness is manifested. Faith is enjoined as a habit of mind essential to all mental achievements, as to all moral grandeur, while the asperities to which sincere faith, not in religion alone, but in all doctrines that the believer considers valuable down to a dogma in politics, or a canon in taste, are assuaged to him who has formed the habit of loving his neighbor as himself, and disciplining his whole conduct by the exquisite justice which grows out of the observance of that harmonious rule.

—L. G. W.

ARMENIAN CUTENESS.—A strange idea had got abroad in the capital that any one having white feathered fowls of any kind in his possession would infallibly lose his life; that a snake would issue forth from the throat of each such bird, and inflict a fatal bite on its owner.

This notion took such hold upon the people that long before the day named ducks, geese, and other birds of the fatal plumage had disappeared. They could be bought for the most trifling sums.

I afterwards heard it uncharitably whispered at Teheran that the notion had been set on foot by Armenian contractors, who were charged with the furnishing of a new regulation plume for some of the Shah's troops, which it was necessary should be composed of white feathers, and that these gentlemen had adopted this plan for receiving a plentiful and cheap supply.

Scientific and Useful.

INCANDESCENT LAMP.—An incandescent lamp with three independent carbon filaments connected with the same terminals is a new invention.

MAGNESIUM.—A scientist has calculated that the light-giving power of burning magnesium is from fifty to sixty times greater per unit of energy expended than that of ordinary gas.

ELECTRIC BICYCLE.—An English inventor has projected an electrical bicycle with batteries which will weigh 40 pounds when filled, the entire machine's weight having been computed at 155 pounds.

BRIGHT WINDOWS.—In Paris a novel apparatus has been fixed in front of the windows of a few shops. It consists of a small pipe laid along the exterior of the shop window, from which pipe, through numerous holes, is emitted a gentle current of warm air, slightly scented, which is very agreeable to the shop window gazers to sniff, while it keeps the window clear and bright.

CANCELLING MACHINE.—An ingenious machine has been invented for the use of the Post Office, which cancels the stamps, impresses the post-mark, and turns letters of any size round so as to come face upwards to receives the impression. If the stamp is in the wrong place the machine turns it round so as to bring it under the stamper. It counts the letters, and makes up into convenient bundles.

TOOLS.—Fine-edged tools assume a blue color and lose all temper if exposed for any considerable length of time to the light of the sun, either in summer or winter. A similar effect is exercised by moonlight, a large cross-cut saw with which the experimenters were working having been "put out of shape and its temper ruined by a single night's exposure to a first-quarter moon."

Farm and Garden.

FROST DRIVING.—The orange growers of Riverside, the richest colony in California, have made arrangements to defy the frost this winter. Pipes have been laid in all the large groves, and crude petroleum is run between the rows of trees. By burning the petroleum at equal distances the clear air is disturbed by clouds of vapor and frost prevented.

THE STRAINER.—The strainer only takes the solid filth from the milk. No strainer can separate odors or soluble matter from milk. A switch of a cow's tail may contaminate a whole pail of milk, and the solid and liquid manures of the stalls may easily be mingled with the milk. Cleanliness begins at the stall, for it is there that the greatest danger to milk is found.

PURE AIR.—Pure air in the country may be plentiful, but it does not apply to all farms. There is often an abundance of filth on a farm, and the cattle are compelled to eat it and sleep in it. The only suitable place for filth is the manure heap, and even there it should be composted with absorbents. No odor from a city sewer can equal a filthy hog-pen in the country.

WOOL.—Wool may not pay on farms that are closely cultivated, but sheep will pay. The sheep does depend on its fleece only to give a profit. When a farmer keeps sheep he produces wool, mutton and lamb. There are many farms upon which sheep give a large profit and yet but little is made on wool. The fine wool breeds are not the best mutton sheep, and in England the merino is almost unknown on the farms, as English farmers make a specialty of choice mutton.

A CURCULIO REMEDY.—"The curculio flies," says a plum grower, "are our greatest enemy. But in Florida I learned of a curious method of saving the fruit, which the flies kill when it is very young. Just as the blossom is falling off, and when the plums are no larger than marrowfat peas, half a dozen small tin cans, empty tomato cans will do, two-thirds full of molasses and water, with a tablespoonful of vinegar added, must be hung from the branches of each tree. The curculio fly will be attracted by the mixture and eat it greedily, forgetting at the same time to sting the baby plums."

SO INSIDIOUS ARE THE FIRST APPROACHES OF Consumption, that thousands remain unconscious of its presence until it has brought them to the verge of the grave. An immediate resort to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, upon the first appearance of Cough, Pain or Soreness of the Throat or Chest, would very generally preclude a fatal result, or, in case the symptoms indicate the presence of Latent Consumption, would tend to subdue the violence of the disease, and thus materially assist in prolonging the life of the patient. Use the Expectorant therefore when you take a Cold, and by so doing prevent the necessity for its use in more dangerous complaints.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

Decision of Character.

"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," was the warning of the patriarch of old; and its truth and wisdom are as certain and as applicable now as when it was pronounced five thousand years ago.

We still have the melancholy spectacle of talents wasted, opportunities of rising in the world thrown away, and the fairest prospects blighted, from this one fatal defect, this vulnerable point, which, like the heel of Achilles, renders the perfection of the rest of the organization of no avail.

Again and again do we see persons, whose characters seem adapted for posts of eminence, whose talents and energy and attractive qualities are alike fitted to win confidence and love, fail in the hour of trial, and sink into obscurity or disgrace, from the weak vacillation of purpose which spoils the best-conceived plans, and disappoints the sanguine expectations which their known capabilities have justly excited.

We must now define in what true decision of character consists. It is a power of deliberately planning a course of action, or of forming an unbiassed opinion, and then consistently and firmly carrying out such purposes and taking an unflinching stand on the side adopted, unless some new and unexpected combination of circumstances renders the one inexpedient, or a previously unknown argument makes the other unwise and untenable.

It is therefore a union of calm judgment with moral courage when found in perfection, though it is perfectly possible to be decided and unshaken in actions or opinions adopted without due consideration and impartiality.

This brings us to one of the most plausible and common imitations of real decision; namely, obstinacy. "It is no use: what I have said I will keep to," is the self-satisfied remark of an obstinate man; feeling comfortably convinced that he is proving himself to be a most decided personage. Now it may be remarked, first, that the very fear of being induced to alter, and hence resisting all argument, is a tacit acknowledgment of weakness.

It is not decision, but simple stupidity to persist, when any new or hitherto unconsidered reason for changing presents itself. There may be a confession of rashness, or hasty and superficial judgment, in such an alteration of conduct or ideas on any particular subject; but there is not necessarily any proof of decision.

A very large class of self-deceivers is that of the indolent, easy-going portion of mankind. These shape their course, or take up their opinions, in the way which is the most obvious, and gives the least trouble; and, having once done so, they do not care to use the mental or moral exertion necessary to make a change in either thinking or acting.

"It is far better to go on in the same course," say they, "to do as they or their parents have always been accustomed to do; they see no good in changing; they like taking up a thing, and keeping to it."

Now we freely admit there may be less danger, so there is certainly less offence, in their doctrine and practice than the other classes, who sail under false colors; but we do contend that these persons should not lay claim to any decision of character, any more than the mule who follows in the beaten track deserves the praise of acute discernment of the right road.

We will now turn to openly and confessedly undecided people, of whom it may truly be said there is more hope than of the self-satisfied ones of whom we have been speaking. These people may be divided into two or three classes.

The first and most hopeless are those who appear totally unable to form any opinions of their own, and are therefore dependent upon those of others. They have consequently no fixed line of conduct, nor consistent and clear ideas on the various points which, whether trivial, or important, come into each day's experience. Such individuals will refer each trifling difficulty, each doubtful question, to every fresh person with whom they come in contact, and are influenced in turn by each.

Another class—those whose strong, yet varying impulses, give the same results and produce the same mischief, as more strictly called indecision of character. Such persons are generally excitable, and easily acted on by present inducements and the actual circumstances of the moment. They feel for the time an eager and intense desire to act in some particular way, or accomplish some especial object, and take measures accordingly, perhaps commit themselves to some course of action; the circumstances in which they find themselves change, the excitement passes, the inclination vanishes, and if possible they throw themselves into a precisely contrary line of proceeding, ending in the same result. Thus they are never to be relied on, nor consistent in what they do, whether bad or good, wise or imprudent; and the difficulties in which they find themselves, and the miserable expedients necessary to get out of them, are endless and discreditable.

Now these persons can only find safety in so far controlling themselves as to delay acting while the impulse and the inducements for it lasts. We know how difficult this is, how strong are the feelings, how impatient of control are the desires of such temperaments; but it is absolutely essential to their well-being and safety.

Let them habitually recall the many instances when they have completely changed their wishes, and bitterly repented the measures taken to accomplish them, the mortifications incident on the confession of change, the injustice to others, which their thoughtless impetuosity has too often inflicted, and so fix the past in their minds as to read a lesson for the present and future.

Nothing but a strict abstinence from decided action during the period of feverish excitement can save them from the worst results which can befall the most wavering and undecided in character, or avail to attain the contrary virtue, in what we have defined as its real purity and excellence—a calm judgment, carried out in a consistent and firm course of action.

How many take a wrong view of life, and waste their energies and destroy their nervous system in endeavoring to accumulate wealth, without thinking of the present happiness they are throwing away. It is not wealth or high station which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both; but it is a radiant, sunny spirit, which knows how to bear trials and enjoy comforts, and thus extract happiness from every incident in life.

No one who has charge of the young can be too careful in preventing the daily recurrence of, apparently, the most insignificant irregularities; for, allowed to-day, they come with a little more strength to-morrow, and in a short time become fixed characteristics for life.

THE man who lives right and is right has more power in his silence than another who lives differently has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched accidentally even, resound with sweet music.

GOOD conscience is an excellent thing, and so, too, is a winsome manner. It should be carefully cultivated. When frankness becomes rudeness it should be properly checked.

THERE never did and there never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in the character which is a stranger to the existence of a resolute self-denial.

WHAT a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults!

MERIT has rarely risen of itself, but a pebble or a twig is often quite sufficient for it to spring from to the highest ascent.

THE great secret of success in life is for a man to be ready when his opportunity comes.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

KILMAINHAM.—The hourly velocity of the earth is computed at 68,000 miles.

HARTE.—The term "Yankee" is from Yangees, which signifies a corruption of English. The name was given to the colonists originally by the natives of Massachusetts.

THESSILLIAN.—To remove ink from the white keys of a pianoforte, first use flannel and hot water; then apply salts of lemon, just wetted; finally, wash the keys again with water, and polish up with whiting and leather.

CLARA.—The words—

"Worse than a poignard in the basest hand,
It stabs at once the morals of a land,"

are Cowper's, and refer to the improper use of the pen, than which there is no more powerful weapon in the world, for "the pen is mightier than the sword."

C. D. R.—Austria is sometime called a continent, sometimes an island, the distinction between the terms being somewhat vague. Excluding it, the largest islands are Papua, Borneo, and perhaps Greenland, after which follow Madagascar, Sumatra, and Great Britian.

J. S.—The term "vegetable" is the name of a kingdom. There are said to be three—the Animal, the Vegetable, and the Mineral. All plants, herbs, and roots are therefore vegetable. If you mean, is horseradish commonly called a vegetable, like greens or cabbage? we reply, No; it is not spoken of as an adjunct with beef. Meanwhile all roots are vegetable.

DAISY.—Antonius Stradivarius stands confessed as the greatest of all the violin makers. His workmanship, we are told, was absolute perfection, and his varnish soft, rich, brilliant, and generally a dark auburn color, but sometimes red or reddish brown. The wood that he used was selected with the utmost care, both for vibratory power and beauty of grain.

COPPERFIELD.—The low German was the language of the Angles, the Platt Deutsch still spoken in Hanover and other portions of Lower Saxony, of which the Dutch and Flemish are offshoots, which fell into disuse after Luther's translation of the Bible had brought about the fixation of Hock Deutsch, or high German, as the language, both oral and written, of education and literature.

READER.—"Attic salt" is a term used to denote the delicate wit and flavor of the conversation of the ancient Athenians. Athens was the principal city of the province of Attica, in Greece, and its people were renowned for their refinement and elegance; and Attic, as an adjective, means, marked by such qualities as were characteristic of Athenians, as Attic faith, Attic purity, Attic style, Attic wit.

VERITAS.—We cannot advise any one to speculate in foreign money-lotteries. There are of course some prizes, and here and there we find a winner; but the vast majority are losers, and it is by their losses that the cost of prizes is defrayed and the capital supplied. In the old days of lotteries at home the evils resulting and the injuries suffered by the people were very great. Avoid these speculations as you would avoid the more avowed, but not more mischievious, forms of gambling.

STOP.—To dress plaster of Paris with wax in imitation of alabaster, you should dip the cast or model, previously warmed and suspended by a fine silken cord or wire, into the purest white wax, melted in any suitable receptacle. The operation should be repeated until the liquid wax begins to rest unabsorbed on the surface of the plaster, when the article must be placed aside (suspended) until the next day, when it may be polished with a clean brush. None but the purest and whitest wax should be employed in this operation, as otherwise it will prove a failure.

SYLVIA.—On the 16th of November, 1869, the Suez Canal was opened in form, with a procession of English and other foreign steamers, in the presence of the Khedive, the Empress of the French, the Emperor of Austria, and others. On November 27, the Brazilian—a ship of 1,869 tons, 330 feet long, 50 feet breadth of beam, and drawing from 17½ to 20½ feet of water—passed through. Since then the canal has continued in successful operation, and passages have been made almost daily, chiefly by British vessels. The cost of construction of the wonderful waterway is said to have reached, in 1869, between eleven and twelve millions. About 70 per cent. of the shipping and tonnage passing through belongs to Great Britain. The great advantage of the canal is, of course, the shortening of the distance between Europe and India.

LODOISKA.—A gentleman walking with a lady may take either side of the pavement. It is not necessary to change sides as often as the street is crossed, that the lady may always have the inner side, as this is often awkward and inconvenient. If the thoroughfare is a crowded one, the gentleman must keep the lady on that side of him where she will be the least exposed to crowding and danger. In walking, as in driving, keep to the left if possible. Of course, much depends upon circumstances. In the evening, or whenever or whenever the safety, comfort or convenience of the lady seems to dictate it, her escort should offer his arm. At other times it is not customary to do so, unless the parties be husband and wife, or engaged. Even then they are liable to be laughed at by trifling passers-by, who consider that such evidence of affection should be reserved for private exhibition.

LOVE'S DEFIANCE.

BY W. W. LORD.

Dear, destiny we took into our own hands,
There are no gods to bar our way;
Cry to them not in darkness of the night,
They give no heed—we will not pray.

Silent they are, they will not heed love's cry;
Love cares not—let them sleep;
So love defies them, and defying, love has won,
And what love won, great love will keep.

Two Lonely Nights.

BY S. U. W.

I CAN have him if I like!"

"Oh, no, you can't, Evelyn; there are other girls in the world besides you."

"There is only you," Evelyn, sweeping her glorious eyes over the other girl with superb disdain. The other tossed her head defiantly. "That smile of his yesterday, was for me," she said; "he looked at me."

"I'm not sure of that; but it doesn't matter if he did; he'll smile at me next time. You see if I don't have him."

"You'll have to go after him, then," said Janetta, with a sneer, and walked away before Evelyn could answer.

Apparently there weren't enough men in the world, so these girls quarreled over me. They lived in a lovely village not far from Plymouth, and the man in question owned the village and all the land about. He had just come home from a long yachting cruise, and his yacht ways lying at Plymouth, undergoing repairs.

He took it it into his head to stay at the old Hall, and strike terror into the hearts of prudent mammas by making love to their girls. For there was hardly a girl around, gentle or simple, who did not think Guido Trevelyan adorable. He looked like a handsome and very refined brigand, and he did not bear the best of characters—two facts which enlisted on his side all the hearts under twenty, and many over.

The young man was so impartial in his favors that for some time nobody could tell who he singled out; then he seemed to sort the young ladies as a man sorts down the answers to advertisements.

The two who came out of this process were Evelyn Leigh and Janetta Stanton, who were both so beautiful that no one could exactly say which carried off the palm.

Each had her partisans, and as to Guido, if he had a perference, he kept it to himself. Evelyn had been one of the few who was indifferent about his notice—looked saucy if he looked at her, said there were other men quite as good as he, when, in an evil hour, Janetta, who was deeply smitten, declared she had only to hold up a finger, and he was her sworn slave. Then Miss Evelyn made that remark:

"She could have him if she liked."

She didn't care for him a bit, laughed at his soft speeches, and often ignored him. But when Janetta marched off, Miss Evelyn burst out laughing.

"As if I couldn't marry any man I chose," said she; "and I'll marry Guido Trevelyan."

She entered the lists against her rival in such earnest that mamma Leigh—papa was dead—got alarmed. Her girl should never marry such a rackety, dissipated young man as Trevelyan.

There were the most awful stories about him. He inveigled away a tenant's daughter, he broke the bank at Monte Carlo, he fought duels on that unfortunate frontier of Belgium, which it's a pity she can't do without.

"He's a heartless flirt at best," said mamma; "he doesn't care for any girl; he amuses himself with all."

But Miss Evelyn kept on using her wonderful eyes on the young man; she didn't care what he was; she meant to show Janetta, and the whole circle of friends, that she could marry Guido if it pleased her.

She was about as reckless as a high-spirited, ignorant girl of seventeen can be. But she did not seem to make much impression—her quarry refused to be taken, swooped down on all the bevy of pretty girls as he chose, was delightfully tender to this and the other, but much alike to all.

Janetta held her own, and scorned Evelyn.

"They wouldn't let her marry him," she said; "my people don't mind."

Mamma stormed at her girl, and shut her doors politely on the young man; or, at any rate, only opened them an inch or so.

He came through the inch coolly; and one night, waltzing Evelyn round, in his easy, graceful way, bent his head to her and whispered:

"I wonder if you would do something for me?"

Evelyn glanced up under her lashes.

"You will?" he said. "Come to Beverton Wood to-morrow, at five."

She was startled, inwardly indignant; but Janetta floated past, and cast a disdainful glance.

"I'll come," the girl murmured, just as it was on his lips to plead.

Those curved lips smiled a little instead, and the dark eyes said a thousand things.

And on the morrow there he was, in Beverton Wood, waiting impatiently, pacing up and down, till there was the flutter of a white gown through the trees, and he stepped forward and took the girl's hand like a court gallant of the Restoration, and kissed it.

She was triumphant, Janetta was nowhere; but, nevertheless, she trembled, remembering those terrible stories. Perhaps he wouldn't make much of carrying her off, and this was only a trap.

He led her away under the trees, and her fear subsided; but when he stopped her, and drew her towards him, she trembled again, but with another sort of fear.

"You are not afraid of me?" he whispered. "If I have been too bold——"

"Oh, no," with the prettiest smile from her large, innocent, wondering eyes.

It was such fun to conquer this young man of many flirtations—to defeat Janetta—such a triumph to have him on his knee at her feet and covering her hands with kisses, and pouring out the most impassioned love, vowing he could die for her, but couldn't live without her.

Evelyn got a little confused between this impetuous lover and her rival. She ought to tell him she didn't love him; but suppose he was angry, and told her she had been playing with him, then the game was up, and he would go over to the enemy to show he did not care. Why should she tell him? It would all come right.

"Evelyn, why are you so silent?" her lover demanded. "I can't say more—I can't do more than love you, now and till I die"—then he sprang to his feet and wrapped the girl, unresisting, in his arms. "Darling, you are mine—this is consent. Swear to let nothing—no one—come between us—with your lips on mine, love—my own love!"

"Nothing—no one, I will swear it!" the girl whispered, thrilled and subdued, yielding the lips he sought.

"They are all against me, your people," he said; "but I would conquer them all, only for the sake of a kiss like that. You must be brave, and follow me, and face everything."

"I shall not fail—I dare as much as you bid me," she said, with a flash of her bright eyes.

Then he made her sit on the grass, and he lay at her feet. He was to go to her mother, and ask for her; but he pretty well knew he should be refused.

So he was, after his rather brigand-like demand, for Evelyn. He denied passionately that he had been anything near a saint, but he would change all that.

Mamma, not unjustly, did not care to trust to this assertion, in the first flush of triumphant love. She would like to see it proved; but as it was she could not allow her daughter to engage herself. At which he bowed, looking very sarcastic, making no further effort.

A day or two after, Miss Evelyn got a line asking her to be at the same place in the wood. She thought it all delightfully romantic, and when he proposed nothing less than an elopement, she made no demur.

Would not Janetta be in a fury? Which would be the true prophet now? She saw in it an adventure of the first water, and a home-coming one scene of success.

He was in deadly earnest—he couldn't, he wouldn't wait for her a day longer than he chose. There was his yacht lying in the harbor, and if she was not ready, he could hire one; they could run across to Jersey—he'd a friend there who would marry them without fear of consequences.

Evelyn thought this better than an every-day wedding, which nobody objected to. She promised compliance, and faithfully obeyed every instruction of her lover's.

His yacht was not ready, he got a much smaller one—got two men to go in her, had her lying as close in shore as he could in a lonely place, one dark evening; and he waited under the shadow of the Leigh's garden-wall, till Evelyn slipped out to join him.

He caught her to him for a second, then hurried her off; and in twenty minutes they were down at the shore, and putting off to the little yacht.

"Looks stormy, sir," the seamen said, as Trevelyan took an oar.

He answered, grimly:

"Peace or storm, we must fetch our harbor."

* * * * * * *

The little yacht scudded along before a stiff wind, that seemed to rise every minute into fiercer force. The sea was running heavily; and the night was very dark—not the faintest moon, only banks of black clouds driving overhead. But though it looked "ugly," no one at present felt any apprehension; the yacht was a stout little craft, and had weathered many a worse gale than this was at present.

Trevelyan came up to Evelyn, as she leant over the side, and passing his arm about her, asked, softly:

"You are not afraid, dearest? You are not sorry you trusted yourself to me?"

"Oh, no; I'm not a bit afraid. When shall we get in?"

"Somewhere in the early morning. I wish my yacht had been ready, or that I could have hired a steam yacht."

"Why must you go so far as Jersey?"

"Because I want no questions asked. I am breaking the law, you know. But the reward! Who would not risk a million times more?"

Evelyn smiled. She has not yet begun to feel any doubt or fear as to this daring escapade to confound a rival. But she did not feel quite so easy when the storm increased, and she caught ominous looks between the two seamen.

Trevelyan wanted her to go below, where a cabin had been got ready for her. Evelyn refused. The spray was dashing incessantly in drenching showers over the deck, and Guido made the girl wrap herself up as the only condition of her remaining. He took the tiller himself, and sent the man to help his mate.

"We can't have idlers," he said to Evelyn, who was near him.

She caught his glance out to sea and up to the heavy sky. Her cheek paled a little.

"There is no danger?" she said. We shall fetch Jersey safely?"

"You mustn't be frightened, my sweetheart; there is no danger; and if there were, I would guard you somehow," he answered, reassuringly.

She sat on a coil of rope close by him, and, presently one of the men came to him, and, though she could not hear what was said, she gathered that there was some discussion as to altering their destination.

Trevelyan kept glancing out to sea, and biting his lip hard, with something very like a scowl on his handsome face, then she caught the words, "Yes, Guernsey," and, by slow degrees, the yacht's course was partially altered; but she did not mind her helm very readily.

Evelyn began to get frightened, and feel deadly cold, and wish she hasn't been so anxious to defeat Janetta. But she was plucky, and, besides, Trevelyan did not look in a humor to receive complaints or fear.

They were running pretty well now, but the storm was rising to a fury, the seas were sweeping over the yacht, and, though she rose gallantly to meet them, she was taking in a dangerous quantity of water.

Evelyn still crouched in her corners, having again refused to go below. Then Trevelyan called up the owner:

"We shan't get Guernsey," he said; "she won't stand this; she's shipping water tremendously. Get out the boat—she'll take us four—you can leave the other. Do you see that bit of land there? We'll make for that. Look alive, man!" savagely.

"That's a bit of rocky island, sir," said the man, sullenly; "dangerous to land. There ain't that danger—we'll fetch Guernsey."

"Never—it's impossible!" said Trevelyan, through his teeth. "Do you think I'm a blockhead of a landsman? Stay by the yacht if you like, you and your mate. I'm not going to argue. She'll be in pieces by the morning. Get out the boat!"

The man hesitated.

"I've got a loaded pistol," said Trevelyan, threateningly, and the man went, muttering savagely.

The boat was got out with difficulty, the yacht plunging and heaving in the furious sea. Trevelyan left the tiller, and lent a hand, the other man was taking his place.

Trevelyan had caught hold of Evelyn as he sprang past her. There was a whisper as he half carried her:

"Have no fear, my darling," and she clung to the strong arm.

Once more, as he was preparing to go over the side, he asked, sharply:

"Were the men coming? There was no time to lose!"

"No, we ain't, sir; we're going to stand by our boat," they said.

"Then Heaven have mercy on you!" the other said, grimly. "Hand the girl down to me. Come, Evelyn—so—that's a brave child," catching her in one arm and passing her along the boat; then he bent to his oars, shouted out, "Good luck to you!" and headed for the strip of dark land that looked as if there was no possible landing place.

For a few minutes it seemed as though he could never even head towards it; but he had both skill and strength, and slowly the little boat neared the tiny island.

Evelyn was perfectly silent, sitting in the bottom of the boat, with no blind trust of love to still her fears—out in this tempestuous sea, they two alone, the yacht drifting helplessly out of their sight.

Trevelyan had no time to give a word to her, a second's wavering of attention might cost them their lives. He knew that near by there was a strip of beach, to reach which there was a difficult bit of close steering between rocks; but there was some shelter here, and he could see the rocks, so that he might be able to reach the shingle safely. He never knew what the strain on him had been till he rounded the point which sheltered him from the wind and the full force of the sea, he steered slowly and cautiously between the dangerous rocks; then he gave a long pull, and the boat, half carried on the top of an incoming wave, grated on the shingle.

Trevelyan had swung the girl out on the beach, and followed himself, before the receding rush could drag back the boat; then he turned to the girl and wrapped her to his breast in a passion of thankfulness.

"My darling, my treasure!" he whispered, "you are safe, thank Heaven! But you are cold, and wet, and trembling. You are safe now, dearest; we can get shelter up the cliff."

But Evelyn could not be soothed; she clung to him, quivering all over. Oh, if she had never come, was in her heart, as she strove to conquer her piteous trembling. She lifted her head at last.

"I was so frightened," she faltered, "that terrible storm, and I could do nothing!

"You were a good, brave child to be so quiet; we couldn't have done if you had not been perfectly passive. Come, give me your hand—it is icy-cold," kissing it as he drew it into his, and led her up the cliff.

"There used to be a cottage up here," he said, "the only one inhabited; I could get food and shelter for you there. It isn't far."

They reached the top of the ascent, pausing for a second to look down on the raging sea below, and wonder how they had come through it safely. Trevelyan drew the girl to him with a sudden sense, keener than he had had in the moment of action, of the awful danger.

"Those men," the girl whispered, looking up to him, "they will be lost!"

"Mad fools! Yes, unless they take to their boat. Come!"

But his heart sank, even his, when they got to the cottage, and found the door wide, and no sign of life about it. Evelyn alone here—with him—not another living being on the island—no help possible for hours! And she drew a sharp sob of terror, and loosed her hand from his.

"Evelyn, hush!" he said, hoarsely. "Stay here while I see if there is any other place. Come inside." He took her hand gently; there were only small old boxes in what was the kitchen of the half ruined cottage. Evelyn sat down on one of these, as he bade her, and tried to stifle her sobs; and he knelt down, and held her close, and whispered, "Darling, don't sob—you trust me. I will do all in the world I can for you."

"Oh, you can't help me!" she sobbed, half shrinking, half clinging. If it had been someone else, but Guido Trevelyan, whom all men ran down! What would they say at home? Could she ever face her mother or friends? Would she be believed?

"Evelyn," the man said, huskily, "you are not afraid of me? You don't believe half those stories against me? They weren't true, dear. Trust me utterly now; and when we get home again, no one shall say a word against you—no one will."

"Oh, they will—they must! What have I done? How can anyone believe me, after that? Don't try and comfort me!—no one can!"

He got up then, and went out silently to explore. But there was not another creature on the island—only the roar of the

sea below could he hear. He stood listening to it, with his hand pressed to his forehead.

"That poor child!" he whispered; "I have led her into this—Heaven forgive me! If she trusts me, others will not. But I swear no one shall take her from me—indeed," he sighed heavily, "as the business has turned out, with that unlucky storm, they must let me have her!"

* * * * * *

The poor fellow went back slowly, rather dreading to report failure. With all his sins, they had never been as black as were attributed to him; but he wished now, as he has never wished before, that he had so clean a record that no man could dream of his wronging a woman. If he had only put back when the storm increased!—he would has given up anything sooner than risk his darling's name.

Evelyn looked up as he came in; she had dried her tears, and remembered she had been very ungrateful; for had not he saved her life? And if he had proposed the elopement, she had made no demur. He was not responsible for the storm. She got up to meet him.

"Guido," she said, holding out her hands.

He caught the hands and kissed them devoutly, half sinking to his knee—a mute swearing of fealty which the girl understood. But all his chivalry could not restore the name she had wrecked, she thought, bitterly; and what must even he think of her, in his heart of hearts?

"There are only two other villages," he said, dropping her hands—"more ruined than this. I don't think anyone has been in them for months. Will you wait here while I see what sort of a place this is? I may find some food, if the people have not gone long."

"I will come with you," said Evelyn; "I don't like being there alone."

There was not much to explore—a sort of black place, which might be used as a lumber store, or shed, or anything; a couple of tiny rooms, led to by a rickety stair, and the floors of which gave under the lightest tread.

Trevelyan had not allowed Evelyn to come to here; she waited below.

They could find no trace of food anywhere; there was water from a well in the yard at the back, but it did not seem fit to drink; it tasted brackish.

Trevelyan, young and vigorous and adventurous, half a seaman, too, would have laughed at all this had he been alone; he had been in worse plights, and a night without food or shelter would not have appalled him.

But for a delicate girl to endure these hardships was another thing. It was cold, too; there was a sweeping wind, and no protection against it in this cottage, more than half gone to pieces.

He had had on a thick ulster, and so had Evelyn, but these were, of course, wet through, and had been taken off. All his ingenuity could not make anything like a resting place for her.

"It isn't much I can for you, after all," he said, "in spite of my boast. I wonder if I can get up a fire?"

"I don't see how," said Evelyn.

"Hold on! I'll smash up some of these boxes—mere tinder," said Trevelyan.

But these boxes, when smashed up, proved damp, and refused to burn.

"If you weren't within hearing, I could—well, never mind," said the young man, in vexation. "I'll have a try at those doors."

"They'll be damp, too," said Evelyn; "the rain has been coming through the roof, and the wet has soaked in. Don't trouble, Guido, I know it is only for me."

"Whom else should it be for? A wild night, without fire or food, won't hurt me, but you!—that is another thing."

It is to be feared the young man did utter a forbidden expression when he found himself "done." He began pulling off his coat; Evelyn checked him.

"I won't have it," she said, most angrily. "I've got on a thick dress and jacket. I'm not made of porcelain. I shall quarrel if you persist."

She walked away, and sat down in her old place.

Trevelyan followed her.

"Well, at least," he said, "you can let me move this box into a more sheltered place. Get up"—giving her his hand.

He moved the accommodation for a seat into a sheltered corner; or, at any rate, the least windy corner.

The box was sufficiently long for both of them, and when Evelyn sat down again, he placed himself at her side, and drew his arm round her.

"Come, sweetheart," he said, smiling; "if you will be obstinate, and won't let me wrap you up, you must submit to this. You will be warmer, and perhaps you can sleep.

The girl nestled close to him.

"I'm not tired," she said. "I couldn't sleep, and you will weary of holding me."

"No, never, dearest. Try and sleep."

She closed her eyes obediently, because he was so gentle to her—more so than she had ever thought he would be—than he ever had been before.

But now she was thrown on his honor, he was careful to subdue his impetuosity and fire. She was so grateful for that!—there was such a sense of companionship in the danger they had shared.

But it was a long, miserable night; they could not shut out the cold, which pierced through broken doors, and paneless windows, and cracks in the rotten walls. Trevelyan felt the chill himself, and close as he kept the girl wrapped to him all the long hours, she must needs suffer. And besides she had no food, and had probably not taken much before she left home.

Added to the physical discomforts, there was anything but ease of mind. He was anxious, maddened by a failure which risked her name: uncertain how things would turn out, angry with himself. She thought in silent dread of the consequences of the reckless love of fun, and desire to prove her power.

And light brought no relief—the storm was still high, no rescue could come; but Evelyn was as brave as possible, and would not let poor Guido accuse himself so bitterly. Nor would she utter a word of her own sinking fears and anxiety for her now. But she was sorry now she had ever wished it had been anyone but Guido with whom she was cast into this lonely, equivocal position; could anyone but Guido have made the position as easy as it was? She could only repay him by bearing hardship without flinching. But with all her pluckiness, when Trevelyan, late in the afternoon, came in from the cliff with the joyful news that the storm was abating, the girl could not stay the quiver of her lip, and the rush of tears to her eyes.

He folded her to him, almost as much moved as she.

"But there is another night, my darling," he said; "can you bear it?—you are spent now."

"Oh, no," dashing aside the tears; "I didn't mean to be so foolish. I was so glad, that was all.

They spent that night as they had spent the last, but the poor child was sleepy tonight, faint and weak, lying still, with her heavy head seldom lifting itself.

With the earliest gleam of light, Trevelyan roused her; the wind had sunk, the sea was almost still—had he not listened the livelong night to the dying away of the storm?—and he dared not risk losing the chance of attracting the notice of some passing vessel which had ventured out of its course.

"It goes against me to disturb you, sweetheart," he said; "but it is for your own sake."

The palest light was in the sky when he went out; the sea looked gray and chill, washing in sullenly on the strip of beach where Trevelyan had landed his boat—there was no vestige of her now. There was no sight of a sail in all that lonely expanse, nor of even a faint line of smoke, though, again and again, his longing to see sail or smoke made him fancy it.

Rescue could not be far off now, of course, but in Evelyn's present state he reckoned every hour of importance. Once or twice he went back to the cottage to look after her; the second time he made her come with him, supporting her to the best vantage point, and finding a sheltered place for her to lie down in.

It was fully light now, the sun was struggling to get the better of banks of rain-clouds that kept sweeping off under the wind and gathering again. But one cloud was obstinate, and remained stationary—a thin, gray line melting into the horizon. No, it wasn't stationary. When Trevelyan had looked away from it for some minutes, he could see it had shifted, creeping slowly along, past a bit of blue sky, leaving its trail on the bright color, dimming it—the black smoke of a steamer.

But could he make her see his signals? He sprang to Evelyn and caught the red kerchief she wore in her jacket; but the steamer, though she was not far, took no notice. Then he remembered he had his revolver, from which he had drawn the bullets. He fired blank cartridges. They might hear the report; they must hear it, indeed, and surely they would take notice.

He was too intent on his signals of distress, and watching the steamer's manœuvres, to notice that Evelyn had come to his side, almost as excited as he was. Breathless the two waited. The steamer had slackened; she was altering her course, heading round slowly towards them; then, for a second, the man bowed his head on the girl's shoulder, and when he looked up, when he could see clearly, the friendly rescuer was moving steadily onwards; then she lay to, and a boat was put off.

"Evelyn, love, a little longer," Trevelyan whispered, with his arm round the trembling form; "be brave still—you are saved. The peril is over. Come down to the beach. Cling to me, and I will do the rest."

Half carrying her, half leading her, stopping slowly, they reached the beach, and, presently, strong, kindly hands were held out to them, and warm welcome given.

But Evelyn scarcely heard it, lying exhausted in her lover's arms, and dimly conscious of the rock of the boat over the waves.

The skipper of the coaster that had rescued them put ashore at Guernsey, and went on his way the richer for thanks, both earnest and substantial.

Food and the rest had restored Evelyn, and by the time she reached land she was able to do all that Trevelyan required of her. But she was quite passive, and asked no questions, letting him to do as he would.

He knew there would be no difficulty, after what had passed, about an immediate marriage: he had his license, of course, and he settled the matter quickly. In a space of time so short that the girl was bewildered, he was leading her into a church, with a soft whisper of encouragement that made her strive to rally. But it was all dream-like, the strange, hurried service, the sound of sea and wind still in her ears, the sense of unreality:

All the time she kept clinging to Trevelyan's hand, and when it was all over, went with him out of the church, and did not ask him where he was taking her, letting him lead her up a wide stair and into a room.

By that time she was quivering all over, and when she felt herself taken into his arms, dropped her head against him and sobbed.

And he whispered:

"Darling, hush! It is all well now. No one can doubt you; and if the whole world doubted you, I would love you the more. Give me a smile—a kiss, my own love."

"Oh, Guido!" sobbed the poor little bride, with not a thought of her triumph over scoffing Janetta, "I'll try and be so good—you've been so good to me.—I'll never forget it. I'm so sorry——"

"Sorry for what, dearest?" said Trevelyan, as she paused and hid her face.

"Oh! I can't tell you," she said, and clung to him, looking up then.

"We've gone through danger together," he said, pressing the sweet lips with his, "and that will make us better comrades: and you have only to be happy, and not be sorry for anything; and be sure I'll defend you, let who will speak against you."

A good many were found to speak against her when the story became known—that wild Guido Trevelyan, and she, with so little self-respect. Mamma Leigh did no go so far; but she was unforgiving. Evelyn had chosen her life, and so on. Janetta couldn't believe Evelyn would have done such a thing as elope—she was shocked. Evelyn was quite welcome to Guido Trevelyan, and all the little world Evelyn had lived in talked and gossipped, and some said he wasn't such a bad fellow, and had done all he could, and they didn't believe any scandal; and others said little, but looked much.

So Evelyn turned for refuge to the man who seemed to love her the more, as he had said, for all she endured, and he carried her off in his yacht, and told her she could live down such trash, and when he brought her home all the scandal would be dead.

* * * * * *

"Evelyn, darling, do you remember?"

"Our island," said Evelyn, nestling to her husband's side. His yacht was slowly steaming past the little rocky island on her way to Plymouth, and in the dusky evening Guido Trevelyan and Evelyn stood and looked the receding speck, and then at each other. Did they remember this and that—it was months ago now—each said to the other, and how the yacht had gone to pieces, and the men only taken to their boat in time and been picked up?

Then there was a pause, till the girl said:

"Guido," and stopped, and added, "I've wanted to tell you," and stopped again.

"To tell me you're happy, dear? I know that."

"No, I didn't mean that. Of course I'm happy."

"To tell me why you said 'I'm so sorry,' the day we were married?"

She said irrelevantly, "Oh, Guido!" which meant nothing, and laid her pretty head against him, and what could Guido do, being more than ever her lover, but caress her and call her pet names in the course of the simple questions, what was the matter?

"I was such a horrid little wretch—when we were on the island I was so miserable about it—and I couldn't say so then. I think you made me love you then."

Guido not answering this, but stroking the down-bent head, Evelyn looked up.

"What are you smiling for? I didn't care for you before that time—indeed, it's true."

"Then I suppose you thought it fun to run off," said Trevelyan, trying not to laugh.

"Yes, but I thought it fun, too, to beat Janetta. Oh, you don't know how horrid and silly girls can be. I used to snub you; everyone was wild about you, and you—you flirted all round."

"I know I did; but I don't flirt much now, pretty one. Go on."

"You used to flirt with me and Janetta."

"That's such an old tale, Evelyn. Nobody knew what I meant or who I wanted. It was you all the time."

"Then why——"

"Why didn't I say so? You were so cool and haughty, you wouldn't look at me, so I half made love to Janetta—she is awfully handsome, you know."

Evelyn drew back, and stared at him.

"Mustn't I say that?" said Trevelyan. "Go on, dear, I won't interrupt."

"But did you know?" said Evelyn. "Oh, you didn't—you couldn't. I said—I said I could marry you if I liked. She said I couldn't—dared me in a way, and I tried to draw you on then, and that's why I ran away with you, just to show Janetta I could conquer if I chose; and, oh, when you were so kind to me those nights on the island, and since we've been married, I did so want to tell you. I wish I hadn't done it!"

"You incoherent child," said Trevelyan. "You wish you hadn't married me, or that you hadn't told me—what does it mean? Why, my darling," softly, "you're half crying—because you married me out of bravado, instead of for love. I knew all about it—I was wicked too, for I played you two off—made you think I cared for Janetta's black eyes instead of your blue one. What a reproachful look! But I couldn't live without you—and you can't live without me now; so let bygones be bygones."

"But what must you have thought of me?" murmured Evelyn.

"What I think of you now—my darling mad-cap."

"Is that all, really? I didn't think I was so horrid at the time! And, after all, it wasn't I who triumphed—you were playing your own game all the while."

"Do you want to triumph very much? I'm afraid I spoiled it all."

"No, I don't care," said the girl, "now you know and don't mind, that's all I want. I don't want to conquer anyone."

He laughed, and she glanced up and colored.

"Except you," she said demurely.

"My sweetheart, you did that long ago; you do it every day now. That's why I must have you at all costs. I knew I should conquer in my turn, as I have."

Evelyn nestled up to him again, lifted her face for his kiss, and wondered why she was so happy; she didn't mind how they received her at home.

When they got home, however, people had forgotten their terror of Guido Trevelyan—perhaps because he couldn't flutter the dovecotes to the same extent—and agreed in giving him and his bride a welcome.

Janetta never quite forgave Evelyn for carrying off the handsome prize; but she was heard to say that he wasn't likely, being such as he was, to make much of a husband; Evelyn was easily satisfied: but Guido did nothing to justify the remark—unless it was that he did not give much notice to the black-eyed beauty, the blue-eyed one taking up all his attention.

The only fault Evelyn found with him was that he would say she and Janetta made a bet about him.

"Well, I won the bet," Evelyn persisted. "What could you have done if I had refused? The choice lay with me, after all,"

"I should have carried you off first, and got consent afterwards," said Trevelyan.

"Really, Guido?" with open eyes. "Are you serious? Well, we always said you looked like a handsome brigand; but a

very chivalrous one," she said, softly; and when it came to that point, Guido left off teasing her. For both had a tender memory of the nights and days when they had only each other, and trust and love grew out of the hardships borne together.

OF SUPERSTITION.

Like some other nations, the Irish invested even the lowest forms of animal life with the power of exercising no small influence on the actions and destinies of men. The Dara Dall, or "black devil," an insect of the earwig class, used to be an object of almost universal abhorrence; yet its services were sometimes availed of in labor which demanded extraordinary physical exertion.

In creeping along, whenever it hears any noise it always halts, cocks up its tail, and jerks out its sting, which is similar to that of a bee.

No reptile has been so much abhorred and dreaded by the peasantry and the 'black devil,' as it used to be commonly believed that this insect betrayed to his Jewish enemies the way in which the Saviour went when leaving the city of Jerusalem. It was no small gain to destroy this insect; for seven sins, it was said, were taken off the soul of the slayer.

The people believed the sting of the Dara Dall to be very poisonous, if not mortal, and that it possessed a demoniac spirit. Under this impression, whenever it is seen in a house by the peasantry, they always destroy it by placing a coal of fire over it; and when burnt, the ashes are carefully swept out.

It is not trodden on by foot, as a less formidable insect would be; nor is it killed by a stick, for it is believed that the poisonous or demoniac essence would be conveyed to the body of the slayer through leather or wood.

This insect is still considered exceedingly dangerous; it is thought to be a kind of scorpion; but very few indeed are now disposed to lift it to the dignity of preternatural influence.

The cuckoo is associated with ideas of a nillder character. When first heard, in whatever quarter you are looking, in that direction you are to live the rest of the year; but the distance is indefinite; it may be a mile, or it may be a hundred miles, and there is always a large margin allowed on either side the line, which gives easy fulfillment to the prediction. This happy arrangement leaves plenty of space for coincidence, and gives the cuckoo a long lease of prestige and importance.

The cat, so intimately associated with the idolatry of Egypt, was not likely to be forgotten in the fetichism of Celtic mythology.

The preternatural attribution said to be ascribed to it by the Druids have outlived the Druids, their rites and their systems, and have come down to us refined and mellowed by the lapse of centries.

Cæsar Otway, a diligent gleaner of the reliques of ancient Irish superstitions, has preserved some notable instances of the weird character and magical influence of this mysterious animal.

He says: "Cats are supposed to be but too often connected with witchcraft, and to lend their outward forms to familiar spirits. The timorous respect persons have for them is increased by the fact of their frequent meetings, to which they come from a distance of seven or eight miles; and from fifty to sixty are often in the assembly. The parliament is generally on these occasions under a haystack, and, as in another great house of congress, their deliberations are in the night.

"Their discourse is as loud as it is vehement. What they debate about is not exactly ascertained, but, no doubt, of matters of grave import to feline polity: war and commerce, ways and means, the failing of followers, the increase of rats the shortening of tails, much arguing at anyrate about raising the wind; for Erris cats are known to have the power of creating a storm or causing a calm; and this supposition seems to have arisen from cats being observed scratching the leg of a stool or a table or any upright thing within their reach, previous to a gale of wind, looking most knowingly and consciously the whole time, and frequently accompanying their exercise with most melancholy mews.

"The storm which succeeds is supposed to be the effect of this feline proceeding, which is looked on as an incantation, insomuch that, the moment a cat is observed to commence this scratching, it is immediately struck at with a stick or tongs or any other weapon with reach; it is, moreover, assaulted with a clap of curses peculiarly appropriate to cats under their circumstances. As soon as the storm begins to rise, all the available cats are seized and placed under metal pots, and there held in durance vile until they resort to the exercise of their power in causing a calm. Now, not only is this power universally allowed, but what is of incalculable importance it is often taken advantage of by the cat's owner."

Not very long ago, a vessel was detained in Blacksod Bay. During the time of delay, the skipper became intimate with and engaged the affections of Catty Kane. But when his vessel was ready for sea, the roving blade, with all a sailor's inconstancy, hoisted his sails and put out to sea, never intending to see the fair one more. But Catty knew a trick worth two of that, and had recourse to her cat. And now the brig is put into all her trim to clear the bay, but in vain; the wind blows a hurricane, and she must come back to her old anchorage. From this time forth, day after day, the captain used all possible skill to get out of the harbor; but as often as he weighs anchor he is driven back again; and Catty understands the management of her cat so well, that the brig must come in for shelter close to the poor girl's residence. This continued for many months. The cargo is spoiling; what is he to do? Why, as the captain finds it impossible to quit Catty, he must needs marry her; and so taking her and her cat on board and doing all decently, next day, with a fair wind and flowing sheet, he can and does bid adieu to Blacksod Bay. What a pity it is that spinsters in other portions of the Queen's dominions have not the art of Catty Kane in managing her grimalkin!"

ONE THOUSAND WIVES.—Do what they may, no Mormon leader will ever equal the Sultan of Morocco, Sidi Mu ey Hassan, who has just added the thousandth wife to his harem, and has celebrated this unique millenary by a brilliant feast given to the other nine hundred and ninety-nine; or, rather, to the other six hundred, for four hundred are either dead or pensioned off.

Like the Mormons, the sultan does not keep all his better halves at one place, but distributes them among his winter and summer residences at Fez, Morocco, Tafilet, etc. Even then, unless he has more palaces than fall to the lot of most emperors, there must be enough in each house to seriously interfere with harmony now and then.

We wonder if he felt as much pride and satisfaction, when he added the thousandth to the number, as Baron Tauchnitz did when he published his thousandth volume of his convenient "Collection of British Authors."

For we imagine that after a man had married his three or four hundredth consort—though on this point we must speak with the doubt arising from a total lack of experience—he cares very little for a new wife, as a wife, and regards each further addition much as a collector looks upon a new Elzevir, or a new specimen of Japanese pottery, or another pipe, which he does not care to smoke, another violin, which will hang upon his wall untouched.

It is the pleasure of the miser who heaps up stores; a pleasure which, in this line of hoarding, only one man in the modern world, fortunately, is allowed to have.

It is curious, however, to observe that while what might be called the physical wonders of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments"—the carpet or the horse that traveled a month's journey in a day, the talisman that conveyed one's words at once to the distant lover—that while these and the like are coming true by the power of modern science, the social wonders, as they seem to us Occidentals, are beginning to fade away.

A son of this very sultan, the Prince Muley Edris, not long ago married an Italian governess, who did not give up her religion, and who stipulated that she should be the only wife; and a brother of the sultan, the Sheriff of Wezan, has an English wife.

UTILIZING A RAT.—Many of the telegraph wires in London run through the subways in which the gas pipes and sewers are placed. The principal arteries are so large that it is easy enough for men to work in them, but the pipes through which the side wires branch off are much smaller, and great care has to be taken to preserve the connection between the main and lateral wires.

Some years ago men were repairing one of these latter, and carelessly omitted to attach it to a leading line by which it could be drawn to its place when it was mended. The blunder seemed likely to have serious consequences, for it was thought that the whole of the lateral pipe would have to be dug up in order to get at the broken wire.

But one of the men came to the rescue with a happy thought, suggesting that a rat should be procured, and, with a fine piece of wire attached to it, sent through the pipe. This was done; but to the dismay of the workmen, the new hand came to a stop after it had gone a few yards.

The inventor of this idea was not, however, at the end of his resources, and by his advice a ferret was produced and started on the dilatory rat's track. There was a moment of suspense before it was settled whether the rat would run away or show fight, but this was soon ended by the paying out of the wire, and in a short time the latest addition to the staff of the Post-office appeared at the other end of the pipe.

The little animal was caught, the wire detached, and then it was set free in recognition of the service it had rendered. By means of the wire the telegraph line was secured, and a long and laborious piece of work saved.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.—A red sunset is an indication of a fine day on the morrow. "When it is evening ye say it will be fair weather, for the sky is red."—St. Matt. xvi. 2.

A yellow or gray sunset is an indication of wet weather, also one green or yellowish green.

A red and lowering sky at sunrise is an indication of a wet day. "In the morning it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering."—St. Matt. xvi. 3.

A gray morning is an indication of a fine day.

A haze around the sun indicates rain. When this is seen, a rain of five or six hours' duration may be expected.

A halo around the sun occuring after fine weather indicates a storm.

A halo around the moon is a sure indication of rain. The larger the halo the nearer the rain clouds and the sooner the rain may be expected. Small colored circles which are frequently seen around the moon or sun are termed corona. A corona growing smaller indicates rain; growing larger, fair weather. It is said that rain will follow a halo within as many days as there are stars within the circle.

VINES ON WALLS.—In a recent official report it is asserted that the common notion that vines covering walls tend to produce or promote dampness is so far from being true that the contrary is the case, such covered walls being drier than those exposed. A moment's reflection would suggest that a thicket of leaves acts as a thatch, throwing off rain and keeping walls dry. They also have the further effect of preventing walls from being heated by the sun, so that in case of dwellings where the walls are covered during the summer the rooms are perceptibly cooler in consequence.

SOIL MATTER.—If the nutritious matter of the soil is carried down below the roots of some plants the plant-food may be unavailable. But all plants do not feed alike, as some reach down far into the subsoil and bring up the plant-food again, which is stored in the stalks and leaves. It is in this manner that clover performs such excellent service; and the fact explains why clover always leaves the land in better condition than before, when a clover sod is turned under.

RATHER TOO PREVIOUS.—A party of young ladies visit the Observatory to have a peep through the monster telescope at the new comet. The astronomer conducts them to the instrument, and the ladies look through in turns.

"Oh, Laura, isn't it charming, heavenly, enchanting, wonderful?" and so on ad libitum.

After awhile the sly astronomer observes

"Now, ladies, I will remove the cover and place the instrument in position, if you will allow me."

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The old cathedral in Berlin is being pulled down and a new one erected. The Emperor has consented to allow paperweights to be made of the marble pavement and the steps of the altar where the late Emperor William's coffin stood. Each weight bears stamped upon it the words in which the Emperor gave his permission as a guarantee of its genuineness. They are to be sold for charitable purposes.

The severity of British justice was well illustrated at Northampton the other day, where a trial for murder was in progress. The jury having been permitted to partake of a lunch in their room, one of their number took this opportunity to step out and post a letter. The Judge, hearing of this, promptly gave the offending juror a strong lecture and fined him £50. He dismissed the jury and a new one was impanelled.

The Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston has established mending bureaus where unlucky bachelors may carry their frayed and broken garments, and for a small cost have them put into good order. This move seems to be rather unkind to the marriageable girls, for such facilities will doubtless tend to confirm many eligible men in their state of bachelorhood, but it is unquestionably a boon to the unfortunates who have to do their own mending, or give away their clothes.

A Chinese diplomat is authority for the statement that a Chinaman can wish for no better luck than to have a strange dog come to the house with the evident intention of linking his future fortunes with those of the family. This is especially true of Pekin, where stray dogs, instead of being summarily dismissed from the doorstep, as is the general custom elsewhere, are taken in, cared for and their lives henceforth surrounded with the comforts most appreciated by their race. So great, indeed, is the superstitious feeling, that no pains are spared to induce the stranger to remain permanently with his new-found friends.

The loss of the masticating tooth before the thirtieth year means a shortening of the life of the individual of from two to five years, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. To know the extent to which many of these teeth are lost, even before the fifteenth year, one has only to turn to the recently published reports of the examination of the teeth of children in the schools and orphan homes of London and elsewhere. If some effective measure are not adopted for combating the ravages of dental decay it looks very much as though another half century would find the poorer classes of English people practically edentulous before the twentieth year.

A commercial traveler tells the following "true story" in a Boston paper. "My wife and five-year-old daughter were with me once on a trip, and on a Sunday we took a drive and got into a cemetery. Naturally our conversation drifted to a little daughter we lost a year ago. One of the first things to attract our attention after we entered the cemetery was an open grave, dug for a child. We walked up to it and stood for some moments looking at it. The memories it evoked were painful indeed, and my wife broke down and cried bitterly. Little May took me by the hand and led me out of ear-shot of her mother, then she said, while her chin quivered and her eyes filled with tears: 'Papa, why don't you put me in, cover me up and take mamma home?' I was astounded. I bent down to kiss her, and she whispered: 'Tell mamma good-bye for me; I can't do it.' The child actually thought that we had come to the cemetery to bury her, and that she was standing beside her open grave. It was the most magnificent exhibition of nerve I have ever witnessed."

THE ARAB MOTHER'S ADVICE.—When an Arab damsel gets married her mother gives her the following advice for securing her future happiness: "You are leaving your nest to live with a man with whose ways and habits you are unfamiliar. I advise you to become his slave if you wish to become the absolute mistress of your husband. Be satisfied with little; endeavor to feed him well and watch over his sleep. For hunger begets anger, and sleeplessness makes a man cross grained. Be dumb as to his secrets. Do not laugh at him when he is merry, nor merry when he is sad, and Allah shall bless you."

Our Young Folks.

THE DOLL THAT WAS A THIEF.

BY M. M. L.

"MAMMA, may I give a doll's party, and invite all the dolls I know to tea?" asked blue-eyed six-years-old Kitty Hamilton, her arms twined about her mother's neck the while.

"Yes, dear." Whenever do mammas say "No" to their little daughters when they can possibly say "Yes,"?

"But when?" asked Mrs. Hamilton, as an after-thought.

"To-day, mamma—I think there will be time."

"Short notice," quoth Bob her brother, with a knowing whistle, when she imparted her scheme to him.

Now Bob was seven, and though his sister's right hand in many things—she being the only girl in the family—she felt rather lonely at times, especially in any matter which concerned her dolls. Old Toby, the house dog, and the Lady Jane Grey, her doll, were her real bosom friends. I cannot say how many joys and sorrows the three shared in common. Bob had called Kitty's new doll Lady Grey, because, he said, it was a telling name; in history Lady Jane had lost her head, and there was no knowing what might happen to this mite of a nonsense one: the thought of which always made the wee mamma shiver. But about the party.

"And, Bob, you'll run round with the invitations, won't you?" she asked, in her most winning way, which way, as her big brother Ralph said, was enough to charm the heart out of a wheelbarrow, it was so irresistible.

So Bob said "All right! But, I say, are you going to do the thing in that tip-top style?"

"Yes; and I mean dolly to write the invitations herself—her and me," Kitty told him—no very decided notions had she as yet of rules in grammar.

"Why, what shams you both are!" laughed Bob, sitting astride a chair in the nursery, and waiting to see the fun of it.

Well, the two shams managed pretty well. Dolly inked her fingers a good deal before the task was over; a blotch or two of ink found its way on to her writing pinafore, which thoughtful Kitty arrayed her in; she also smudged her nose; but then, Kitty said that was excusable; she often did the same herself when writing her copy. So Bob only used once more his boyish phrase, "All right!" and stood waiting to depart on his mission. Funny little three-cornered notes were they—seven in all—the addresses very like as if a fly had dipped itself in ink, and scrawled and traced out the letters, so zig zag were they. But Kitty said, "Never mind: dollies were not supposed to write very well." Then Bob took them, neatly put into Kitty's own flower basket, and vaulted away.

The Lady Jane looked supremely happy as Kitty tripped up and down the nursery floor, like a careful housewifely little lady, making ready for the entertainment of the afternoon. Just at three she had asked the guests to come.

"And I suppose the lilliputian tea-things will be set out?" Bob asked, in big boy contempt.

"Yes; and my dolly's silver tea-service."

Oh! such a dear little silver teapot, cream-jug, and sugar-basin had Kitty—or what she called silver—her grandmamma's last Christmas present; tiny tea-spoons to match, and her china set, green and gold. Well, it was all brought out and arranged, with dishes of strawberries, an iced cake too large for dollies' eating—of which Bob was glad; then there were biscuits, honey, preserves—nice biscuits that could be eaten with sweeties, and the cream for the strawberries was just delicious! Yes, it was all set out on a monster stool, to accommodate her doll guests, the stool covered with a snowy cloth. Then came the dressing of the Lady Jane in snowy white, lilies of the valley in her hair—sham ones, as Bob said. Then Kitty was dressed, and she and Toby went out the gate to watch.

They soon arrived—seven little girls, like seven dainty butterflies, bringing seven dolls as dainty as themselves. The Lady Jane received them with smiling hospitality, and led the way to the tea-table, assisted by Kitty, and took her place at the tea-tray, Kitty kneeling behind her and pouring out tea, the other little girls every one kneeling behind her own dolly, while Bob sat near, tailor-fashion, on the floor, and feasted on cake, strawberries, and sweeties to his heart's content. Ah, well! the cake vanished, as did the strawberries and sweeties; even the sugar was all used up. As for the cream, Toby, who had not been invited, took French leave, and walked in, and while the small mammas were busy with their darlings, lapped up the cream to the last drop, even overturning the bowl in his anxiety not to leave any. And when Kitty cried—

"Oh, Toby, you thief! how could you! The Lady Jane would not do such a thing," he trotted up to his mistress, and licked her hand with the grace and ease of a courtier, even daring to lick the Lady Jane's cheek.

After tea, Bob invited them all to the garden, there to amuse themselves with a swing, he himself erecting one between two chairs in the nursery for the sham ladies' amusement, as he called them; crowding them all into the swing together, and setting them in motion to and fro, till the little girls screamed, half with laughter and half with fright, lest their darlings should come to grief.

"They'll do well enough," Bob assured them; so out they all swept, ready for the fun which awaited them. At last nurse came to call them; it was time for the little ladies to go home.

In they went. Oh, what romps those dollies had been having! There they lay, one upon the other, a most unladylike heap, upon the floor, the swing still in motion, as if inviting them to get up and mount for one more frolic.

But no; the small shocked mammas each one took her own child, and smoothed it into something like neatness, trying on hats or hoods, winding wraps and the like round dainty shoulders. Then Lily Blake set them all in a panic by crying—

"I've lost my Belinda's 'diamond' pin!"

Dear dear! such a seeking and searching ensued: a doll's "diamond" pin lost. The glittering bauble had been the envy of all the little girls that very afternoon, and now it was lost, and, what was more, could not be found.

"A doll's 'diamond' pin lost! whosoever will bring the same to the owner shall receive a farthing reward," cried Bob, running through the shadowy old garden tinkling a bell, like a regular town crier. But the birds twittered they had not found it; the bees, laden with their last load of honey, were hastening home, much too busy to think or care about diamond pins or farthing; the butterflies were having a last game with the sunbeams; and the sunbeams themselves flitted this way and that, smiling in sweet content, as they always do, let what will be lost or won. So nothing came of Bob's crying, and the little ladies waited within doors till they could wait no longer. There was no use in waiting: one and all prepared to go home.

"Dolly could not have worn her pin," suggested nurse.

But Lily was confident she had; so were they all, for hadn't they admired the bit of glittering glass as if it had been the real thing, and of the first quality, too? Nay, Lily went a step farther, and said someone must have stolen it.

At this, small hostess Kitty stood forward like a shocked daisy, and asked "Who?" But Lily would not say, only grew sulky, and walked out at the nursery door and away home, without bidding anyone "good-bye," not even allowing the little Belinda to wish Lady Jane "adieu," although she stood smiling and gracious at the door, and bowed as courtly a bow as Kitty could make her. No, this was the little rift in the lute of this otherwise delightful dolls' party; and Kitty, after it was all over, went to bed in tears.

"I'd not mind, dearie," said nurse, kissing her, and going belowstairs for a chat with cook.

But Kitty did mind: minded so much that she forgot to undress poor Lady Jane, and put her in her bed, so that she lay where nurse had put her, in all her party finery, and shivering in the cold for aught the light sorrowful, forgetful mamma knew.

The sun, too, was setting: his big red eye was spying and again, as Kitty thought, ere he sank behind the hill, as if he knew of the lost pin and fain would find it. And Kitty watching him, and musing out her own thoughts, remembered the golden old rule of not letting the sun go down on our wrath; and wrath meant anger, she knew. Well, perhaps she was not angry with Lily, but her heart was very sore towards her, because of what she had said about the pin being stolen; and—well, she was almost sure Lily was angry with her, or she would not have gone out of the house so rudely and so sullenly, without one word of "good-bye," even making her little Belinda act as rudely as did she. The thought of Belinda brought a thought of the Lady Jane undressed and uncared for. She sprang out of bed: she would certainly make the poor darling comfortable for the night. The eye of the great kindly sun was still spying and seeking, and seemed to laugh as Kitty undressed dolly, as if he knew what was going to happen.

And what did did happen? A hard substance was pushed up the Lady Jane's lace sleeve, a little hard thing that pricked as Kitty took it out—Lily's Belinda's "diamond" pin. And the Lady Jane was the thief who had stolen it.

"Oh, you naughty Lady Jane! if you do these things you may even lose your head, like the other Lady Jane, same as Bob said," cried Kitty, between laughing and crying; it was so very funny, so ludicrous, that the child laughed and laughed again.

Then she looked away at the sun. He was still lingering at the top of the hill. There might be time; Lily must know, and peace be made. It would be just like a beautiful storybook to make peace before the sun set. Left-handed Kitty, how nimbly she dressed! she would run down all the way to Lily's.

Nurse was downstairs, she could not ask her; mamma had company, she could not ask her; so out she went, she and the Lady Jane; and, Toby, catching sight of her, trotted along with her—'twould never do to let her go alone, thought Toby, with a wink of his old eyes. Lily's big brother answered Kitty's timid ring at the door.

"Lily?—she's gone to bed as grumpy as grumpy," he told her when she asked for her.

"But I think I could make her good-tempered—pleased, you know," piped the silvery tongue.

"Well, then, run up, all three of you, all up the stairs, first door to the right, that is the room," said he; so up they mounted, the funny trio, Lily's brother riding up and down the banisters, waiting for the report of her mission.

"Well," said he, as she came out presently, wiping her eyes, "has she been biting your head off?"

"No," laughed she; "but I've done it—I've made her pleased," tripping down the stairs, Toby, like a trusty knight, keeping close to her side.

"Well, good-night, Mistress Makepeace," so Lily's brother called after her as she trotted out and away.

It was a beautiful name he gave her, she thought, watching the sun drop behind the hill at last, and she and Toby marching along through the shadows. But about the stolen pin—how did it happen? Nurse said if Master Bob had no hand in the matter it must have slipped up the Lady Jane's sleeve when all the dolls tumbled out of the swing.

Bob denied having anything to do with the affair. "I never thought of it, or I would," was his assertion. "But I am glad the mystery is cleared up, and the Lady Jane not so black as she was painted. You see, the history Lady Jane was very like that."

BORN IN A BARREL.—A merchant in Bathurst on the Gambia, a river in West Africa, was once asked to send some crocodiles' eggs to England. The eggs were accordingly gathered and packed in sand in a barrel, which was placed with other goods in the warehouse until a vessel should be ready to sail. A few days afterwards the merchant and his negro servants, while putting the store in order, heard a strange knocking the cause of which they were unable for a time to trace. As the negroes were very superstitious, they declined to continue the search, but their employer bade them work on. At last when some boxes that had been put on the top of the barrel were removed, the barrel lid was forced open and a number of baby crocodiles jumped out. The worst fears of the negroes being thus apparently confirmed, they rushed off yelling in their terror. However, the merchant saw at once what had happened. The heat had hatched a few of the eggs, and the newly-born reptiles had tapped to be let out. As the Gambia swarms with crocodiles the merchant wisely determined to put an end to the existence of the interesting strangers.

THE LAUGH RESTORED HER.—The Rev. George Harvest, Rector of Thames Ditton, England, was very absent-minded, so that on one occasion he went into a friend's house, and, seeing no servant, he rambled over it, finally entering the room of an old lady ill of a quinsy. He stumbled over a clothes-horse, and his awkwardness made the patient burst into such a fit of laughter that the quinsy broke and she lived many years to thank him.

IT must be a matter of regret to the man who likes to hear himself talk to be told that he has been talking in his sleep.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Austrian women are said to make most efficient wives and mothers.

The Canandaigua, New York, jail is reported to be occupied by ghosts.

It is said that about 10,000 gross of pens are produced from a ton of steel.

California takes its name from the Spanish—caliente formalle—hot furnace.

Wolves in Russia destroy annually upward of 800,000 head of domestic animals.

A horse race was postponed at Emporia, Kansas, the other day, on account of a funeral.

Celery coffee is a new drink. It is said to give renewed strength to the brain and nerve.

It is said that furnished flats lately erected in New York city have pianos built in the walls.

The oyster is wonderfully prolific. Each mother sends out millions of her young every season.

A ventilated car door, made up of perforated plates in the form of panels, is a new invention.

A hen that it is said catches rats as expertly as a cat is owned by a resident of Waterloo, Oregon.

Vienna musicians have entered a protest, it is reported, against the playing of military bands in public places.

In sorting over the letters from various parts of the world, 197 different ways of spelling Chicago have been found.

The demand for the late Lord Tennyson's poems has been so great in England of late that the printers at one time had 9 presses working on them.

At the time Shakespeare wrote his plays there were not in all the world as many English-speaking people as there are now in New York and New Jersey.

In regard to good roads, the United States is at present about where England was 150 years ago. The movement for good roads in England began in 1770.

An illuminated balloon descended near Armstrong, Kansas, the other day, and is reported to have burned over 75 acres, and destroyed half a mile of rail fence.

The International League of Press Clubs has undertaken to establish in this country, at a cost of at least $10,000, a "Home for Aged and Infirm Journalists."

Algeria, which has 2,500,000 acres of cork forests, of which 800,000 are made to yield regular crops, is claimed to be the greatest cork-producing country in the world.

The Upper House of the Austrian Parliament has adopted the law for granting compensation to those persons who are condemned and afterwards found to be innocent.

John and Jacob Wartlinger, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who were until they had become ten years of age joined like the Siamese twins, suffer the same pains simultaneously, although they are now grown-up men.

Oysters come nearer to milk than almost any other common food material as regards both the amounts and the relative proportions of nutrients, the food values of equal weights of milk and oysters being nearly the same.

With subscriptions which aggregate $40,000 at his command, Henry P. Wills, of Kansas City, Kan., a member of the Board of Trade, has bought 160 acres of land near that city, on which he proposes to colonize all of the destitute negroes of the town into a self supporting village.

There is talk among the World's Fair directors and others immediately connected with the management of the enterprise for another year after November next. The leaders believe that six months would be rather a short time for the life of the splendid palaces that have been erected at Jackson Park.

Hebrew is again becoming a living [illegible] There are [illegible] who are going there from different countries [illegible] which they have of Hebrew in their religious services for a means of communication.

Great activity prevails in all departments of the Reading Railroad, consequent upon the extensive preparation in progress for the heavy traffic which is certain to characterize the World's Fair period next year. The construction and repair shops at various points on the line are being worked to their full capacity. The cars will be painted the standard [illegible] of the yellow adopted a few years since. During the winter the entire outfit of locomotives and cars will be overhauled and placed in effective condition. In addition to these repairs the management has just issued orders for the construction of fifty new passenger coaches. A number of them will be combination cars on the latest improved plans. An order has also been placed with the Baldwin Locomotive Works for fifteen passenger locomotives of the improved "Reading" type, famous for their fast running qualities and for ten freight engines of the heaviest and most powerful description.

NEVER THE SAME.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Alas, how easily things go wrong!
A word unsaid in a lover's song,
And there cometh a mist and a blinding rain,
And life is never the same again.

Alas, how hardly things go right!
A storm may come in a summer's night,
The stars will fade in the gloom away,
And a summer's night is a winter's day.

OMENS VERIFIED.

Credence in the reliability of omens is one of those beliefs of which, as Dr. Johnson remarked of apparitions, "reason is against it, but tradition is in its favor."

Preachers like Bishop Hall have devoted themselves to denouncing the "superstition" which turns pale at the croak of a raven or at spilled salt. The Satirists like Quevedo have written with mock solemnity of the sanctity of omens. "If you are going to buy anything, and cannot find your purse, it is the worst omen that can happen, and unlucky for your marketing." "Tuesday is an unlucky day for those who travel abroad without money, or for those who are cast into gaol." "Thursday is an unlucky day to believe what flatterers say to you."

These and many similar passages occur in the pages of the sixteenth century Spanish author, who, being so much in advance of his age, could expect no better fate than the long imprisonment that eventually befell him as a "writer against morals and good government."

Belief in omens was an article of religious faith in Quevedo's days and in the centuries before him. The whole system of trial by battle or by ordeal was based upon the belief that Heaven would give some warning sign to clear the innocent or punish the guilty.

When the pious mother of James I. of Spain wished to select a name for her child, she surrounded his cradle with twelve lighted tapers, each bearing a name of an apostle, and it was decided that the saint whose candle burned the longest was the one who would thus signify his intention of becoming the infant's special "patron." St. James's light outlasted that of his brother apostles, and to St. James was the child therefore dedicated.

This was in the thirteenth century, but the same spirit of pious superstition survived long afterwards.

The Puritans believed in casting lots, and in opening a bible and receiving as an oracle the first verse on which their eyes fell. The early Methodists practised the same description of divination and, in the present century, many persons who profess to have shaken off the superstitious trammels of every kind of religious belief have firm faith in the reliability of certain omens.

It is, therefore, not wonderful that so many instances should have been collected of supposed "predictions realized." Pedro the Cruel was warned that he would "go forth to his death when he quitted the tower of La Estrella." The King, who knew of no such tower, treated the prediction lightly; but in 1369, when riding out of Montell, he looked up at one of the towers of the town, and, attracted by its massive appearance, inquired its name. "That tower is named La Estrella," was the reply. The King rode on and was assassinated.

"Beware of the Rhine" was the warning given to Monmouth by a soothsayer before commencing his campaign in the West. The Duke interpreted this advice as casting doubt on the fidelity of his German auxiliaries; but when, on the eve of Sedgemoor, it was discovered that the Duke had inadvertently overlooked a deep ditch which prevented his troops coming to close quarters with the enemy, he learned that this watery obstacle was called "the Rhine" in local parlance. The advantage this ditch gave to the artillery of the Royal forces turned the tide of the battle.

There is a story of a Sir William Wyndham, who lived in the last century and who twice received warnings to "Beware of the white horse." When a boy in his father's house, a dumb fortune-teller was wont to perambulate the neighborhood, and, in reply to questions, write answers in chalk on the back of a trencher. The lad, pressing in among the servants to "hear his fortune told," received the oracular counsel, "Beware of a white horse."

Many years afterwards, when traveling in Italy, Sir William found a "soothsayer" prophesying in the streets of Venice. Like others in the crowd, the traveler offered a piece of money to the reader of fate, and received the immediate answer, "Signor Inglese, badate il bianco cavallo."

Sir William was afterwards implicated in the Jacobite plots of the time, and committed to the Tower shortly after the accession of George I. As he entered the prison he observed that the Hanoverian white horse was newly added to the royal arms painted over the gateway, and this strange coincidence, with the warnings formerly given to him, struck him so forcibly that he narrated the stories to the Lieutenant of the Tower. Sir William was released after a brief imprisonment, but, some years later, was killed by a fall from a white horse which he was riding to hounds.

When Prince Poniatowski was a boy, his mother consulted a Hungarian gipsy as to his future, and received a warning to "beware of the magpie" (elster). In 1813 the Prince met his death on the banks of the River Elster during the retreat of the French army, after the battle of Leipsic.

Like many other prophecies, "omens verified" are often only remembered when apparently fulfilled. It was only after the death of Josephine that it was repeated that the ex-Empress had been warned that her death would occur a few years after she "resided in a hospital," and that Malmaison (where she died) had been, as its name denotes, originally designed for, or used as, a hospital. Often the dread occasioned by the apparent verification of an omen may have hastened its fulfilment.

Grains of Gold.

Gratitude is the memory of the heart.

No fool can be silent amidst his cups.

Ways are seldom wanting to him that wills.

A true friend does sometimes venture to be offensive.

Right principles will by no means suit wrong practices.

Culture is only polish. It does not change the heart.

The man who most deserves a monument does not need it.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.

Trust not the praise of a friend or the contempt of an enemy.

What is the good of good that does not do somebody good?

The best horse needs breaking, and the aptest child needs teaching.

If you want to live long, don't try to live more than one day at a time.

Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in company.

Whenever prejudice exists in the mind, there generosity is a stranger.

Be cautious of giving credence to the ill you hear, and doubly so of reporting it.

It is one of the greatest misfortunes in life not to be able to endure misfortunes.

Old age has deformities enough of its own; do not add to it the deformity of vice.

He that knows useful things, and not he that knows many things, is the wise man.

He is the best accountant who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.

Credit is a matter so subtle in its essence, that, as it may be obtained almost without reason, so without reason may it be made to melt away.

It is a fact which escapes none, that, generally speaking, who so is acquainted with his worth has but little stock to cultivate acquaintance with.

Femininities.

Time is the body and eternity the spirit of existence.

Poverty is in want of much, but avarice of everything.

Every woman who marries becomes a sort of amateur detective.

"Do you approve of church bells?" "Yes; if they don't flirt in the church itself."

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Buffman, of Amity, Oregon, lately celebrated their 64th wedding anniversary.

It is said that "incompatibility of temperament" is not held to be sufficient ground of divorce in Missouri.

Mother: "I thought I noticed John's arm around you last night." Daughter: "There, now, I was right!" "How right?" "I told him some one would be sure to notice it."

New York jewelers are displaying rare ornaments carved upon the pits of the olive, plum, peach, almond and cherry, and on walnut and cocoanut shells, mounted with gold.

Prisoner: "Yes, your Honor, it is true that I was intoxicated last night, but I can explain if your Honor will give me a little time." His Honor: "Right you are—ten days."

Mrs. Earle: "Your daughter has been studying painting, has she not?" Mrs. Lamoyne: "Yes. You should see some of the sunsets she paints. There never was anything like them!"

"What's the matter with the baby?" asked a lady of a little girl, whose baby brother she had understood to be ailing. "Oh, nothing much," was the answer. "He's only hatching teeth."

The husband: "You're not economical." The wife: "Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is!"

We imagine from the looks of the women who are in society that it must be a great deal easier to stay at home and scrub than it is to wear tight dresses to afternoon teas, and say polite things, and laugh at foolish jokes.

An eagle was killed the other day near Garnett, Kansas, that measured 7 feet and 3½ inches from tip to tip of wings. It was engaged in fighting a dog, when the farmer put in an appearance and killed the bird with a club.

Another use has been found for electricity. In Ceylon experiments have shown that it is more economical to dry tea leaves by its agency than by the old method, and extensive plants have been erected for that purpose.

After several bright children in a class had given their various answers to their teacher's query for the definition of wife, a sorrowful little maiden spoke up: "Some one for a man to find fault with when things go wrong."

Mrs. Haysseed, after talking for a quarter of an hour and getting no answer: "That ye set, jest chowin' and chowin', with your mouth always so full of terbacker yer can't say a word." Mr. Haysseed: "Marier, I wish you'd learn to chew terbacker."

Husband: "Always these large bills from dressmakers. Other women make their own clothes, but you make nothing." Wife: "And what do you make?" "I? Well you must acknowledge that during the three years of our married life I have made my own cigarettes."

One-fifth of the married women of Massachusetts are childless. It has been said that in no country save France can a similar condition of affairs be found. On the other hand, instead of over 20 per cent., only 13.37 per cent. of the foreign-born women of Massachusetts are childless.

The problem of how to serve celery has been solved, at least temporarily, in the prevailing fashion of laying two or three choice stalks at the side of each plate. No one regretted the retirement of the tall celery vases, and the flat dishes were about equally awkward and inconvenient. The present idea is sensible and satisfactory, and should be preserved.

It was Helen Hunt Jackson, it is said, who named "The Garden of the Gods" in Colorado. Riding past the cabin of a prospector from the South in one of the early days of the settlement, she was attracted by a beautifully kept garden in which two negro servants, a man and a woman, were working. In answer to a question the man informed her that his name was Jupiter, and the woman's Juno; whereupon she exclaimed: "Then this must be the garden of the gods."

In each wing of an ostrich 26 long, white plumes grow to maturity in 8 months. In the male these are pure white, while those of the female shade to corn or gray. The short feathers are plucked for tips, and each wing furnishes 75 of these. The tail feathers are of a deep old ivory color, and 65 of these have a commercial value. In a late plucking at the Coronado ostrich farm nearly 300 feathers were obtained from one bird, which, when curled and dressed, will be worth $65. The female ostrich lays 30 eggs a year.

Masculinities.

The trouble is that when a man needs his nerve most he can't find it.

Love, we are told, is blind yet is matrimony frequently an eye-opener.

Louis Coulon, a French sculptor, has a beard so long that it almost reaches from chin to feet.

A receipt for freshening and preserving boots and shoes, it is said, is to apply milk with a soft cloth once a week.

A firm of machinists in Scandinavia employs a young woman agent, whose territory covers the whole of Europe.

Women in Finland are said to compete with men as physicians, dentists, bank cashiers, house builders, clerks, etc.

Fashion now decrees that the back of the piano must face the room. This is to enable the assembled guests to examine the fair singer's throat.

The late General R. E. Lee's signature is worth $10 in the autograph market. General McClellan's is valued at $5, and General Sherman's at $3.

Philip D. Armour, Chicago's millionaire pork packer, has for years been down to his office by 6 30 o'clock in the morning every day except Sundays.

In order to turn out feminine bachelors of art, Colgate University proposes to let in women students, and, incidentally, to build a modern gymnasium.

Marshy Lyler, a colored woman, who lives near Sylvania, Georgia, went to school recently for the first time. She is reputed to be over 70 years of age.

A physiologist approves of the plan to eat a little cheese after a meal—the richer and livelier the better—as it aids fermentation. Makes it skip, as it were.

There is a shepherd in Monor, Hungary, who is 103 years old and still attends to his flocks. His wife, who is the third partner of his joys and sorrows, is 91.

At a wedding in Arcadia, Florida, the other day, the bride was married to her ninth husband, and four of her former husbands were present at the ceremony.

The officers of the German army are to have a new coat, that can, by an ingenious device, be made either thick or thin. It is adapted for summer or winter use.

Egbert: "I saw you at the theatre the other night with a lady. A friend of the family, I suppose?" Bacon: "No, she's no friend of the family. She's my wife's mother."

He: "You seem to look upon a proposal of marriage as an everyday affair." She: "Well, no. Hardly that. Every other day. I never give my answer the same day."

"What became of that Samuels girl that Potterby was flirting with last summer?" "You mean the girl that Potterby thought he was flirting with. She married him."

"If we should become financially embarrassed," said George, "do you think your father would help us out?" "Yes, dearest. He said he was going to the next time you showed your face in our house."

Counting up his salary and all his allowances for expenses, President Harrison will have received from the Government exactly $370,000 when he shall have retired from the White House, on March 4 next.

Maud: "That is a curious fan of yours—white on one side and scarlet on the other." Marie: "Oh, that's my blushing fan. It's awful handy when a man is paying you compliments. It is so easily reversed."

Martin McCandless, of Weiser, Idaho, is 77 years of age, yet he never saw a railroad until November 15 last. He left the States before railroads had penetrated into the Territories, and since then he has been back in the mountains engaged in mining.

The personal body-guard of the German Emperor, members of which accompany him on his rides and excursions, consists of 15 stalwart young foresters, all of whom have been trained under officials in the Royal forests. After serving three years in the army they are picked by a court.

The tobacco pipe is never seen in Spain in use among the natives, nor are tobacco pipes to be purchased in any of the shops. Cigars and cigarettes manufactured in the Government factories in Spain, or imported from Cuba or the Philippines, can alone be procured, and are universally smoked by the people.

Here is a neat sample of a personal item from a local journal in India: "We are very glad to learn that the marriage of Mr. Rughoonathdas Madhowdas, a Kupola Bania merchant of Bombay, with Dhuncoorbai, the daughter of Shet Gudhurdas Mohundas, and the widow of Luchmichand Dhuramsey, was celebrated at Chinchpoogly."

On a recent rainy Sunday two nice-looking, well-mannered men stationed themselves in the vestibule of an English church and relieved all who entered of their umbrellas, saying that the Vicar disliked having wet umbrellas carried into the church. When the services ended the people looked for the two men, but they had quietly stolen away—and also the umbrellas.

CURIOSITIES OF POISONS.

Until the past few years poisoning has been a study pretty much confined to savages—not of course, exclusively the savages in paint and feathers, but to the naturally ferocious and criminal in all communities. Among savages, in the ordinary sense of the word, there has often been found a wonderful knowledge on this subject, and some very curious results have frequently been obtained by them.

A very intelligent and trustworthy resident on the borders of a North American Indian tribe, for instance, tells a very singular story. He had a young Indian girl in his kitchen for some years. When she first entered his service, so many of her relatives and friends came to see her that he had to give her peremptory orders to admit nobody. Unfortunately, one of her first visitors after this decree had gone forth was an old medicine man of her tribe, whom she stendfastly refused to admit to her kitchen, and who, consequently, went away furiously angry, and vowing all sorts of vengeance.

Some months afterwards, the old doctor met the girl. He had, apparently, quite forgotten the insult he had received, and very heartily shook hands with her. She happened to have a slight wound in her hand, and after the old man had grasped it, she saw, to her dismay, that this wound was covered by a black patch, and she instantly suspected that it was a patch of poison, and she told him so.

The old man frankly admitted that her suspicion was correct. She had insulted him when they last met, and now he had paid her for it. For one month in every year, as long as she lived, he told her that her skin would break out in black blotches. Twelve months afterwards, the affliction predicted actually befell the girl, and every year, as long as she continued in the service of the narrator of this story, her skin became blotched and patched all over with black marks, which continued to disfigure her for a month, and then disappeared.

A Government officer at Winnipeg mentions in one of his official reports a very remarkable poison, which had the effect of paralyzing the muscles of the face. Speaking of a woman to whom it had been administered without her own consent or knowledge, this official says:

"Only the eyes moved, and, as they were intensely black and rather sparkling, the ghastly deformity was rendered the more glaring. The most singular effect, however, was produced by her laugh. She was a jolly, good-natured squaw, and laughed upon the slightest provocation. Her eyes sparkled, and her 'ha! ha!' was musical to a degree; but not a muscle moved to denote merriment on that expressionless face. One felt that some one else laughed behind that rigid integument. No idea could be formed of what she thought at any time."

There is nothing incredible in this. Medical science has of late years been turning attention to poisons, and many effects quite as pronounced, if not, perhaps, quite so striking, have been observed.

"Experiments," says one authority, "have shown that certain poisons are so potent and subtle in their action as to almost equal the wonders in tales told of charms condensed into necromancers' phials. The animal body can be played upon as if it were a machine. The strokes of the central pump, the heart, can be slowed or quickened; the vital heat lowered or increased; the pupil of the eye expanded or narrowed; the limbs paralyzed or convulsed; the blood sent to the surface or withdrawn to the interior; even the natural hue and color of the body can be changed."

The professors in the colleges of Spain are miserably underpaid, often receiving no more than $200 per year. They endeavor to make a small profit out of their text books, each requiring his own book to be used. These books are frequently in manuscript, or, if printed, are sold at unusual prices. The students, also poor, resort in consequence to second-hand shops and the annual fair, where a specialty is made of collegiate text books.

"I THINK you said Widow Tungay's husband preceded her to the better land some forty years?"

"Yes."

"Then she had forty years' gossip to unload on him when she went to meet him. Poor man!"

Railroad employees all believe in Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the old standby.

The Governess.

BY G. C.

THE old story—I was a governess; a poor dependant in a noble house. I had many times seen the father of my two little darlings. I know he was handsome, though I seldom raised my eyes to his. I thought him unwontedly gracious, but that was all. They told me I was beautiful. Even the stately old housekeeper, stately to all but me, used to part my long hair with her slender fingers; and once she said, in a dreamy sort of way, "It's very fine and glossy, child, it's very soft and silky. In all the wide world, child, there is nothing like a beautiful face; and the Creator made man in his image. Oh, be thankful, child, that you are lovely; but often, often think that through eyelids as yours, through lips as ruby, on rosate cheeks, over lofty brows, through long and golden tresses, between soft fingers, under gleamy teeth, the worms, the worms have revelled, child!"

How I shouldered at this! and once, when she spoke in her cold way, the baronet came in, saying, "Don't frighten her, good Mrs. Hunt." Even then, I did not think upon his kind glances and tender interest, as some girls might. The children, fair-haired darlings, how they loved me! They were both beautiful. So lovely! Grace was a fairy, sparkling-eyed child. Gertrude had deep, dark, shining eyes. They were well named. Gertrude was calm and reflective, given to strange sayings and dreamy, mysterious thoughts; Grace was only happy when both dimpled hands were heaped with roses, and kisses were showered on her round cheeks; she lived in an atmosphere of love. Gertrude, yes, even then, I think she had a being in Heaven.

I was only a governess, and I took no airs upon myself. I was very humble-minded, for I had seen great trouble and poverty; very grateful, for my situation was a delightful one, and everybody was kind to me. There was a friend of the family who always affected me strangely. She was a noble lady, proudly handsome, rich and titled. She pretended to be my friend, but her cold, suspicious glances confused and made me unhappy. She gave me much advise, was always telling me how poor and lowly I had been and how humble I should be, cautioning me to beware of the baronet, and giving dark, mysterious hints that invariably frightened me into a headache, and led me to shun the good baronet.

One day when my brain was hot and heavy, I carried little Grace over to Lady Isabel, as she had requested me. My brow beat and burned intolerably, so that I could not lift it with ease.

"You are getting subject to these headaches," said Lady Isabel; "you suffer much, don't you?"

"More than I can tell," I answered, faintly.

"I can relieve you easily," she quietly remarked.

"How? Tell me, for it is very painful," I cried.

Her look flashed through my brain. She sat close beside me; she gathered up my heavy curls. "Your hair, child," she muttered with almost closed lips, "it will induce brain-fever—kill you, perhaps; let me cut it off," and she reached her scissors, fastened in their sheath.

"No—no!" I cried, for I was proud of my hair, and like a flash came the hideous thought that this grand, beautiful woman was jealous of me—of me! a poor little governess.

Her eyes flashed fire; she stood, her jewelled hand lifted, her eyes gleaming with furious passion.

"Oh! you think yourself a paragon of beauty," said she, "I can see. You wish to retain your long ringlets, that you may mesh them about the baronet's head. Yes, you think your bright eyes will enslave him. Yes, you poor beggar; and so they may; but mark me, minion, only to your disgrace. He knows how well you love him—laughs at it—despises you for it; he—he told me so."

A blank came over my life. Oh, the weary time that passed! I would not look at nor speak to the baronet, till our little Gertrude died. I saw her well at evening; I was roused at midnight by the baronet himself. A deathly chill crept over me, as I cried, seeing his white face, "Leave me, sir—how dare——"

He had not heard me, I humbly hoped, for his words dispelled my terror.

"My little Gertrude is dying," he said, "and calls for you."

Till she died, that dear head rested on on my bosom; in the morning, I laid back her damp curls and kissed her cold lips. She was gone.

"I must go," I whispered over her clay—"I cannot stay here; it is agony."

So not long after I gathered my few clothes, and stole softly from the house that envy and jealousy had made terrible to me. I shall never forgot that night. The hills were white with moonlight, and I wanted to pluck one violet to take with me. In that quiet hour I knelt sobbing over the little mound, breathed one prayer, gathered my flower and turned to go—I knew not whither. A tall form stood beside me; I could not fear him now, nor dislike him; he was so pale, so sorrowful, as he said, "Lillian, what does this mean? Where are you going, my child?"

His voice trembled. I turned away, and the tears ran down my cheeks.

"Do we not treat you well, Lillian?" he asked, how mournfully!

"Yes, oh! yes," I murmured, "you have been only too kind."

"And my poor little motherless child," said he; "would you leave her, Lillian?"

At this I lost all my self-control. "If you had not jested at me," I sobbed, "despised me, boasted that I—I——"

"Stop, Lillian, what do these words mean?" he asked, in stern tones.

"Lady Isabel!" I gasped. As I grew calm, as far as my delicacy would let me, I gave her cruel language, word for word.

"It is false, false—all false," he said, taking my hand; "for so far from boasting that I know you loved me, Lillian, I did not dare believe that one so young, so good so gentle, might feel other than sentiments of friendship for a man so much older and graver than herself."

His voice had grown soft and musical. I was astonished—overwhelmed. My confidence deserted me.

"Yes, Lillian, gladly would I make you my own dear wife," he added, drawing me to his side. "True, you have neither gold nor station, but the wealth of a pure, glad young heart like yours, is all I ask. Say, will you take the place of the sainted one who has here with little Gertrude? Lillian, tell me—can you love me well enough to marry me?"

Oh, heaven knows I had long, long loved him, not daring to whisper it to myself in the darkest night; and over Gertrude's grave I answered him "Yes."

Poor Lady Isabel! She had trusted to her beauty, her gold, her power, and they had failed her. When she first saw me with my noble husband she grew white with anger, disappointment, and terror, that her duplicity had been discovered. Poor Lady Isabel!—she is unmarried to this day; and she loved the baronet herself.

"THE ROSE OF GORZE."—The story of the "Red Rose of Gorze," as charming as it is true, is often told by Germans to illustrate the touching loyalty of a subject and the grateful remembrance and appreciation of his sovereign. In August, 1870, a German officer was lying wounded in the house of a French family, near the little town of Gorze in Lorraine. He had received six wounds in the battle of Mars-la-Tour—five of them as he lay on the ground, while the fight surged around him; and he was scarcely expected to recover.

The French family in whose house he was quartered nursed their wounded enemy with much kindness and skill.

One morning the officer found placed in a glass by his bedside a beautiful red rose, just opening, which the daughter of the house had brought in from the garden while he slept. Its scent and beauty were refreshing to the sick man, but instead of keeping it, he sent his soldier-servant at once with it to Gorze, where the King of Prussia's headquarters were, and told him to give that rose to the King, with the message that one of his wounded officers had sent it to him.

The King put the rose in his button hole, and inquired the name of the officer.

"Captain von Zedwitz, 72nd Regiment of the Line," was the reply.

When Captain von Zedwitz was sufficiently recovered to be moved to Berlin, he found that his red rose had become quite famous, for showers of roses—red roses—were sent to him from all sides, so that his rooms were full of them.

In March of the next year, six months after the original rose had faded, Zedwitz had occasioned to ask an audience of the Emperor King.

He was received most graciously, and at the Emperor's request told the story of the battle of Mars-la-Tour. Then, to Captain von Zedwitz's surprise, the Emperor spoke of the rose which had been sent to him at Gorze, and again thanked the officer for it. As Zedwitz was leaving the Emperor, he met the Crown Prince, who in his conversation also recalled the rose with a smile.

Even then Captain von Zedwitz had not heard the last of his famous rose, for on the following Christmas he had the pleasure of receiving an autograph letter from the Emperor, enclosing an emblematical picture, a stone bearing the date August 10, 1870, Gorze; partly covered by the tricolor of the Confederation, a Prussian infantry helmet with oak-wreath below, and the Iron Cross with ribbon. A rose in dull silver was introduced in the gold frame.

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"The lecturer, very likely, has traveled amongst the Socrates!"

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Nov., 28, '82.

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Humorous.

A HOPELESS CASE.

Thou art the bane of my existence,
  And yet—I love thee.
Thou givest me nothing but resistance,
  And yet—I love thee.
And why I love thee I cannot tell,
  The power's not mine to analyze it:
I only know thy poor slave falls
  Whene'er he tries it.

Thy glorious eyes look scorn at me,
  And yet—I love thee.
Farther than heaven thou art from me,
  And yet—I love thee.
I gaze at thee as at a star,
  Through clouds so hazy,
While doubtless thou oft murmurest low,
  "Poor fool, he's crazy."

—F. M.

Badly Off.

"And what did the doctor say was really the matter with you?"

"Well, miss, his very words was, 'You are a-sufferin' from a guitar in the stomach, with a great want of tone.'"

A poor reason—the idiot's.

A business scenter—the perfumer.

The lazy man aims at nothing, and generally hits it.

There would have been a great mass meeting if the earth and comet had collided.

When you can get close enough to a frog to poke him with a stick, time's a sign of spring.

He: "Do you think it will be a match?" She: "It ought to be. He's a regular stick, and she's all the rest."

A Brooklyn shoemaker has this card in his window: "Any respectable man, woman or child can have a fit in this shop."

That was a bitter joke of the man in New Jersey who put a quantity of jalap in some beer his friend was about to drink. The funeral was very generally attended.

"That man Slosher is getting to be a terrible drinker," said Brosher. "What makes you think so?" "Why every place I go into after drink I find him there."

First athlete: "I saved a man from drowning last summer and he never even thanked me." Second athlete: "I saved a girl and she didn't even make me marry her."

"What do you mean by thrashing your boy without provocation?" "Well, you see, a busy man like me must discipline his children when he happens to have time."

First doctor: "I hear, my fellow-practitioner, that you treated Jones for abnormal typhus. Was it a bad case?" Second doctor: "A very bad case; the man didn't pay his bill."

"Hold up them hands!" hoarsely whispered the highwayman to the Bostonian at mid-night. "Say 'those hands,' please," begged the Bostonian, as he hoisted them aloft.

Mistress: "Bridget, where are the oyster crackers that I ordered?" Bridget: "Faith, mum, an' I broke ivery wan av thim, an' divil av an oishter could I find in one, an' I sint thim straight back."

First boy: "No, sir; you don't catch me shamming off sick to stay at home from school and get all dosed up with castor oil and such stuff." Second boy: "Oh, I'm all right on that. We're homœopaths at our house."

"Your boy has a remarkable muscular development," said the neighbor. "Aren't you afraid he will become a pugilist?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He's tongue-tied."

Friend: "I have always had an idea that after a couple have been married for some time even their thoughts become to a great degree identical. Am I right, Peck?" Mr. N. Peck: "Fancy you are. About now my wife is thinking over what she'll say to me for coming home so late, and so am I."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

At this season of the year there is little demand for anything that is not intended for some festive occasion. So, as the feminine mind runs to ball gowns and reception dresses, let us chat about them. There is a new silk tissue just brought out in all the evening colors and white. The neck is square and honeycombed with plaid stripes in the same color or lengthwise stripes. It is light and airy and rustles like glace silk, which gives an added beauty to the music by its soft undertone, like the whispering of leaves in the evening or the breaking of tiny wavelets on the sand, and it is lighter than tulle even, and when made in full round skirts floats like vapor. A gentleman said of a pretty girl who wore a dress of this, "She looks like an angel in a rose colored cloud."

But if the young rosebuds look lovely in their floating draperies the full blown American beauty roses look no less so in their rather heavier and richer gowns. Mrs. Arthur Sullivan is an example. Her daughter is a dream of ethereal beauty, and the mother is a superb woman, who knows how to dress and has the means to do it with. At a recent reception at the home of the Baroness Thomson she wore a heavy cream and silver brocade, with a bowknot pattern in pale blue. The train was of thick cream satin. Around the bottom of the skirt was a full pinked ruffle in pale blue taffeta. The corsage was made of puffs of tulle, with flat silver chains laid between the puffs. The back was of brocade, and a slight drapery of the same covered the bust. The sleeves were of satin and brocade, held in by the silver chain. Silver fringe outlined the waist.

An intimate friend of hers had a novel and handsome gown in black faille. The skirt was plain, and across the front were sewn three bands of velvet ribbon reaching to the bottom. A feather trimming ornamented the waist and bottom. Velvet ribbon bows were on the sleeves, and two bands crossed the bust; a rich sash of wide grosgrain ribbon embroidered with silk and cut jet beads and with bead fringe; hat of black felt with a mass of black plumes. This gown I afterward saw copied in silk warp henrietta.

RECEPTION AND VISITING GOWN.

A new sortie du bal, or evening wrap, just from Paris, is made of heavy brocade of ciel blue and silver lines. The sleeves and front piece are of dark turquoise blue, or perhaps it may be sapphire, as it is rather darker, I think, than any turquoise I ever saw. It was richly embroided in very dark blue chenille and silk, with each pattern outlined in silver beads. All around the sleeves, collar and bottom was a border of white Moufflon fur, and the whole was lined with baby blue satin.

Among the colors and fabrics that have been taken into cordial favor by every one is the corded velvet or Russian velours. One that has a red ground with black cord, or vice versa, is much liked. The cords are high and round, and the spaces between them are just the width of a cord. Yellow and black is also striking and often seen. Such material requires but the severest trimming—like plain black velvet or a narrow band of black fur—and this should not be glossy, but dull.

The newest gloves are soft Quakerish grays and fawns and yellows from straw up to orange in all the intermediate shades. Red gloves are also shown, and I saw two boxes in one house, one full of gloves of an awful purple, and the other filled with green ones.

For cold days there are nice fleece lined dogskin gloves, with borders of beaver. These are made for gentlemen and boys also, as well as ladies, and are in dark browns, only two shades being shown.

Odds and Ends.

ON DIFFERENT MATTERS OF INTEREST.

Broiled Rice.—Broiled rice is an excellent breakfast dish, and, served with a poached egg on each portion, is valuably nutritious and strengthening. The rice is boiled the day before, and put away in a deep dish. The next morning it should be cut in slices, brushed lightly with melted butter, and broiled on a fine wire broiler over a rather slow fire. The eggs are poached, and one put on each slice of rice. Send to the table on a hot platter garnished with cresses or parsley.

Yankee Doughnuts.—Two eggs, two cups of sugar, one pint of milk; two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda, a little salt, a large teaspoonful of cinnamon, a little nutmeg; flour enough to mix stiff. Roll out and cut into shapes and drop into a pot of boiling lard.

Old Virginia Doughnuts.—Boil a quart of new milk and melt in it half a pound of butter; beat three eggs with two pounds sugar and add to it the boiling milk, stirring all the time. When it is nearly cold stir in a teacupful of yeast, a spoonful of salt and flour enough to make a stiff batter; when this is quite light add two grated nutmegs and a little mace. Let it rise again until it is very light, then roll the dough out thin, cut it into shapes and fry in hot lard. Dust over with pulverized sugar while hot.

Rye and Indian Bread.—Two quarts of Indian meal, half a teacupful of yeast, the present compressed yeast takes the place of the old fashioned yeast, half a cup of molasses; mix it with as warm water as the hands will bear; butter deep pans; wet the hands with cold water to put it in; set it to rise one hour. Bake it in a hot oven four or five hours; if baked in a brick oven it is better to keep it in the oven all night.

Raised Biscuits.—Two quarts of flour, about two ounces of butter, half pint of boiling water, one teaspoonful of salt, one pint of cold milk, half a cup of yeast. Mix this well together with the hands and set to rise over night; in the morning dissolve a teacupful of soda in a little water, and mix it well into the dough; roll it on a bread board, about an inch thick; cut it into small biscuits and bake them twenty minutes. The yeast cake of the present time if used will do quite well. One-half a cake will be sufficient.

Shoe Buttons.—Shoe buttons are capable of creating great trouble. When one is confident that they are securely fastened in their right place they have a little manner, peculiarly their own, of coming off as if by magic. It is due to their importance that a bag is especially designed for them. It should be smaller than the ordinary button bag and be used for shoe buttons exclusively. A pretty way to make a shoe button bag is to have it the shape of a heart and made of dark linen. On the outside draw the words in pencil, "Button, button, who's got the button?" and cover the pencil outline with the smallest of colored beads. They should be of bright colors. The bag should be shirred at the top with ribbons. The ribbons should be tied in a bow, and to one end which hangs down fasten a small pair of scissors.

Fried Chicken.—Take small spring chickens—large chickens will not be satisfactory—separate the joints, dip them each in egg, then in corn meal or white meal; meanwhile have your pan ready with boiling lard, and never put in additional lard while cooking the chicken; lay as many pieces of chicken in the pan as will lie comfortably without squeezing; fry a light brown, first on one side, then on the other; have a hot dish in which to put the chicken, keep hot and make the sauce with the remains of the frying by putting a little cream, pepper and salt and mixing nicely; throw in a little chopped parsley and pour the sauce around the chicken.

Noodle Pudding.—This pudding is a favorite dish with the German people in their native land, but is rarely eaten here because the "modus operandi" seems to be one of the lost arts. Boil one half pound of broad noodles in salt water. Place a rich pie crust covering on the bottom of the pudding pan. Upon this put a layer of noodles. Then add brown sugar, cinnamon, raisins and apples cut in small pieces. Then another layer of noodles. Over all place a cover of pie crust. Bake and serve with dry or liquid sauce.

Reading Railroad.

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Williamsport Fast Day Line—8.35 a m week-days.
Buffalo Day Express—9.00 a m daily.
Easton Flyer—3.55 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—6.45 p m, (24th and Chestnut sts., 6.20 p m) daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.25 p m daily.
Western Night Express—5.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11.30 p m daily.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.00 a m, 8.25 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.35, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.00, 3.55, 4.35, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 6.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 8.30 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Catawissa Branch.
9.10 a m for Reading and way points.
11.05 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.
4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.
11.30 p m daily. Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.

SUNDAYS—9.05 a m Express, Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
3.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.
11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Line, Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE,

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Streets.

3.55, 8.25, 9.20, 11.15 a m, 12.57 (dining car), 3.33, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 3.55, 9.00, 11.15 a m, 12.57 (dining car), 3.33, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car) p m.

Leave Ninth and Green Streets.

7.30 (Flyer or two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15, 8.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, 5.10 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.20, 3.15, 5.45, 6.25, 11.55 p m. Sundays, 9.55 a m, 5.20, 12.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.30 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.00 a m, 12.40, 3.15, 6.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.30 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 6.10, 8.00 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

DEPOT THIRTEENTH AND CALLOWHILL STREETS.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.
7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.
10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.
12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.
1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Cedarbrook dale and Perkiomen Roads.
4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
5.20 for Reading and Pottsville.
6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.
6.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.
8.45 a m for Reading and Downingtown.
5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.
7.45 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.30 a m, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.30 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 am, 3.45 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Malaga Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Clementon, 4.00 8.00 9.30, 11.30 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 1.45, 4.30 p m. Blackwood and Gibbsboro, 6.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 6.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m, 4.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 609 South Third street, and 18 South Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

Reading Railroad Transfer and Cab Service, Passengers and baggage promptly conveyed.

Philadelphia Telephone, No. 1882.

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PIMPLES, FRECKLES AND TAN, Removes the Skin as well as Detects the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

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